The Traveller, Family Journal,

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND LIFE IN NEW-YORK

BY FISHER & INMAN.
20 NASSAU-STREET, AT $3 PER ANN. IN ADVANCE.

SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 27, 1833.

VOL. II.....WHOLE No. 139.
"THE TRAVELLER" & "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES"

FROM "POLYNESIAN RESEARCHES"

BY WILLIAM ELLIS.

Tahitian account of the origin of the Bread Fruit — In reference to the origin of the bread-fruit one of their traditionary legends states, that in the reign of a certain king, when the people ate *araca*, red earth, a husband and wife had an only son, whom they tenderly loved. The youth was weak and delicate; and one day the husband said to the wife, "I compassionate our son, he is unable to eat the red earth. I will die, and become food for our son."—The wife said, "How will you become food?"—He answered, "I will pray to my god; he has power, and he will enable me to do it." Accordingly he repaired to the family marae, and presented his petition to the deity. A favorable answer was given to his prayer, and in the evening he called his wife to him, and said, "I am about to die; when I am dead, take my body, separate it, plant my head in one place, my heart and stomach in another, &c., and then come into the house and wait. When you shall hear first a sound like that of a leaf, then of a flower, afterward of an unripe fruit, and subsequently of a ripe round fruit falling on the ground, know that it is I, who am become food for our son." He died soon after. His wife obeyed his injunctions, planting the stomach near the house, as directed. After a while, she heard a leaf fall, then the large scales of the flower, then a small unripe fruit, afterward one full-grown and ripe.—By this time it was daylight; she awoke her son, took him out, and they beheld a large and handsome tree, clothed with broad shining leaves, and loaded with bread fruit.

She directed him to gather a number, take the first to the family god, and to the king; to eat no more red earth, but to roast and eat the fruit of the tree growing before them. This is only a brief outline of the tradition which the natives give of the origin of the bread-fruit. The account is much longer, and I wrote it out in detail once or twice from the months of the natives; but though not unpleasant as a specimen of the natives' faculty of invention, it is ill adapted to afford information. It was probably invented by some priest, to uphold the influence of the gods, and the tribute of first-fruits paid to the king. The origin of the cocoanut, chestnut, and yam is derived from similar sources; the cocoa having grown from the head of a man, the chestnut from his kidneys, the yam from his legs—and other vegetable productions from different parts of his body. The importance of the bread-fruit and cocoanut, in the estimation of the natives may also be gathered from the fact of their fabulous traditions assigning their origin to the head and the heart of him whose affection for his son was stronger than his love of life.

Tahitian Drolleries—Their jests and raillery were not always confined to individuals, but extended to neighborhoods, or the population of whole islands. The inhabitants of one of the Leeward islands (Tahaa, I believe) even to the present time furnish matter for mirthful jest to the natives of the other islands of the group, from the circumstance of one of their people, the first time she saw a foreigner who wore boots, exclaiming, with astonishment, that the individual had *iron legs*. It is also said, that among the first scissors possessed by the Huahineans, one pair became exceedingly dull, and the simple-hearted people, not knowing how to remedy this defect, tried several experiments, and at length *baked the scissors* in a native oven, for the purpose of sharpening them. Hence the people of Huahine are often spoken of in jest by the Tahitians, as the *feia ea puoi*, or people that baked the scissors. The Tahitians themselves were in their turn subjects of raillery, from some of their number, who resided at a distance from the sea, attempting to kill a turtle by pinching its throat, or strangling it, when the neck was drawn into the shell, on which they were surprised to find they could make no impression with their fingers. The Huahineans, therefore, in their turn spoke of the Tahitians as the *feia uumi honu*, the people that strangled the turtle.

Tahitian Barbers.—Sometimes the men plucked the beard out by the roots, shaved it off with a shark's tooth, or removed it with the edges of two shells, acting like the blades of a pair of scissors, by cutting against each other; while others allowed the beard to grow, sometimes twisting and braiding it together. These fashions, however, have all disappeared, and the beard is generally at least shaved once a week, and by the chiefs more frequently. These cut their whiskers rather singularly sometimes, and leave a narrow strip of their beard on the upper lip, resembling mustachios: the greater part, however, remove the beard altogether, which must often be no easy task. There are no barbers by profession, yet every man is not his own barber, but contrives to shave his neighbor, and is in return shaved by him. Some of the most ludicrous scenes ever exhibited in the islands occur while they are thus employed. Only a few of the chiefs are so far advanced in civilization as to use soap; the farmers cannot understand how it can help to remove the beard, they therefore dispense with it altogether. When the edge of the razor or knife is adjusted, the person to undergo the operation, in order to be quite stationary, lies flat on his back on the ground, sometimes in his house, at other times under the shade of a tree, and his friend kneels down over him, and commences his labor. When he has finished he lays himself down, and the man who is shaved gets up, and performs the same office for his friend. Sometimes the razor becomes rather dull, and something more than a little additional strength is necessary. A whetstone is then applied to the edge: but if this be not at hand, the man gets up half-shaved, and both go together to the nearest grindstone: and I have beheld that the transition from the grindstone to the chin is sometimes direct, without any intermediate application to the edge of the razor. The hone and the strap, however, have been introduced, and ere long will probably supersede the use of the grindstone, and also of the whetstone.

Honesty and Simplicity—Their ideas of the nature of these valuable articles were very singular.—Perceiving, in their shape and color a resemblance to the young shoots or scions that grow from the roots of the bread-fruit trees, they imagined that they were a hard kind of plant, and procured in the same way. Anxious to secure a more abundant supply, they divided the first parcel of nails ever received, carried part to the temple, and deposited them on the altar; the rest they actually planted in their gardens, and awaited their growth with the highest anticipation. In the manufacture of hooks from nails they manifested great patience and persevering labor: they had no files, but sharpened the points, and rounded the angles, by rubbing the nail on a stone: they also used a stone in bending it to the required shape. The use of files, however, has greatly facilitated their manufacture.

In connexion with this subject, a striking instance of native simplicity and honesty occurred about the time of our arrival. Two christian chiefs, Tati and Ahurire, were walking together by the water-side, when they came to a place where a fisherman had been employed in making or sharpening hooks, and had left a large file (a valuable article in Tahiti) lying on the ground. The chiefs picked it up: and, as they were proceeding, one said to the other, "this is not ours. Is not our taking it a species of theft?"—"Perhaps it is," replied the other; "yet, as the true owner is not here, I do not know who has a greater right to it than ourselves." "It is not ours," said the former, "and we had better give it away." After further conversation, they agreed to give it to the first person they met, which they did: telling him they had found it, and requested that if he heard who had lost such a one, he would restore it.

Infanticide.—It is difficult to learn to what extent infanticide was practised at the time Wallis discovered Tahiti, or the subsequent visits the islanders received from Cook; but its frequency and avowed perpetration were such as to attract the attention of the latter. Captain Cook's general conduct among the natives, notwithstanding the harsh measures he deemed it expedient to pursue towards the inhabitants of Eimeo, was humane; he took every opportunity of remonstrating with the king and chiefs against a usage so merciless and savage.

When the missionaries arrived in the Duff, this was one of the first and most affecting appendages of idolatry that awakened their sympathies, and called forth their expostulation and interference. Adult murder sometimes occurred; many were slain in war; and during the first years of their residence in Tahiti, human victims were frequently immolated. Yet the amount of all those and other murders did not equal that of infanticide alone. No sense of irresolution or horror appeared to exist in the bosoms of those parents who deliberately resolved on the deed before the child was born. They often visited the dwellings of the foreigners, and spoke with perfect complacency of their cruel purpose. On these occasions the missionaries employed every inducement to dissuade them from executing their intention, warning them in the name of the living God, urging them also by every consideration of maternal tenderness, and always offering to provide the little stranger with a home, and the means of education. The answer they generally received was, that it was the custom of the country; and the only result of their efforts was the distressing conviction of the inefficacy of their humane endeavors. The murderous parents often came to their houses almost before their hands were cleansed from their children's blood, and spoke of the deed with worse than brutal insensibility, or with vaunting satisfaction at the triumph of their customs over the persuasions of their teachers.

In point of number, the disproportion between the infants spared and those destroyed was truly distressing. It was not easy to learn exactly what this disproportion was; but the first missionaries have published it as their opinion that not less than two thirds of the children were murdered by their own parents. Subsequent intercourse with the people, and the affecting details many have given since their reception of Christianity, authorize the adoption of the opinion as correct. The first three infants, they observed, were frequently killed; and in the event of twins being born, both were rarely permitted to live. In the largest families more than two or three children were seldom spared, while the numbers that were killed were incredible. The very circumstance of their destroying instead of nursing their children rendered their offspring more numerous than it would otherwise have been. We have been acquainted with a number of parents who, according to their own confessions and the united testimony of their friends and neighbors, had inhumanly consigned to an untimely grave, four, or six, or eight or ten children, and some even a greater number. I feel, hence, the painful and humiliating conviction which I have ever been reluctant to admit, forced upon me from the testimony of the natives themselves, the proportion of children found by the first missionaries, and existing in the population at the time of our arrival—that during the generations immediately preceding the subversion of paganism, not less than two-thirds of the children were massacred! A female who was frequently accustomed to wash the linen for our family had thus cruelly destroyed five or six. Another, who resided very near us, had been the mother of eight, of which one only had been spared. But I will not multiply instances, which are numerous in every island, and the accounts of which the recollection is most distinct. I am desirous to establish beyond doubt the belief of the practice, as it is one which, from every consideration, is adapted to awaken in the Christian mind liveliest gratitude to the Father of mercies, strongest convictions of the miseries inseparable from idolatry, tenderest commisseration for the heathen, and vigorous efforts for the amelioration of their wretchedness.

The universality of the crime was no less painful and astonishing than its repeated perpetration by the same individuals. It does not appear to have been confined to any rank or class in the community; and though it was one of the indispensible regulations of the Areoi society, enforced on the authority of those gods whom they were accustomed to consider as the founders of their order, it was not peculiar to them. It was perhaps less practised by the raiatura, or farmers, than any other class, yet they were not innocent. I do not recollect having met with a female in the islands, during the whole period of my residence there, who had been a mother while idolatry prevailed, who had not imbrued her hands in the blood of her offspring. I conversed more than once on the subject with Mr. Nott, during his recent visit to his native country. On one occasion, in answer to my inquiry, he stated that he did not recollect having, in the course of the thirty years he had spent in the South Sea Islands, known a female who was a mother, under the former system of superstition, who had not been guilty of this unnatural crime. Startling and affecting as the inference is, it is perhaps not too much to suppose that few, if any, became mothers in those later periods of the existence of idolatry, who did not also commit infanticide. Recent facts confirm this melancholy supposition. During the year 1820, Mr. Wilson was conversing with some friends in his own house in the island of Raiatea on this subject. Three native females were sitting in the room at the time, the eldest not more than forty years of age. In the course of conversation he observed, "Perhaps some of these females have been guilty of this crime."

The question was proposed, and it was found that no one was guiltless: and the astonishment of the parties was increased when it was reluctantly confessed that these three females had destroyed not fewer than one-and-twenty-infants. One had destroyed nine, another seven, and the third, five. These individuals were not questioned as having been more addicted to the practice of this crime than others, but simply because they happened to be in the room when the conversation took place. Without reference to other deeds of barbarism, they were in this respect a nation of murderers; and, in connection with the Areoi institution, murder was sanctioned by their laws.

The various methods by which infanticide was effected are most of them of such a nature as to prohibit their publication. It does not appear that they ever buried them alive, as the Sandwich islanders were accustomed to do, by digging a hole, sometimes in the floor of the dwelling, laying a piece of native cloth upon the infant's mouth, and treading down the earth upon the helpless child. Neither were the children as liable to be destroyed after having been suffered to live for any length of time. The horrid deed was always perpetrated before the victim had seen the light, or in a hurried manner and immediately after birth. The infants thus disposed of were called *tamarii huihui umuhea*, or *tahihai*, children stabbed or pierced with a sharp-pointed strip of bamboo-cane, strangled by placing the thumbs on the throat, or *tahihia*, trodden or stamped upon. These were the mildest methods; others sometimes employed were too barbarous to be mentioned.

A New Loan.—'I say Jack,' shouted a Smithfield drover the other day to his *pal*, 'these cursed sheep wont move this weather, *lend us a bark* of your dog, will you—blow 'em.'

THE COUNTRY JUSTICE.

From "A subaltern's furlough, descriptive of Scenes in the United States."—By Lieutenant Coke—unpublished.

Crossing over to Hoboken on the 9th of July, I took the coach and proceeded near the high ground on the right bank of the Hudson to the small village of Aquatenonck, and thence upon a rail road to the flourishing town of Patterson on the Passaic river, 16 miles from New York.

* * * * * *

As I was on the point of retiring, a man entered the room smiling and looking as if he had some good joke to impart. I therefore determined to wait a few minutes longer; but he only whispered to the story teller, and both laughing heartily left the house together. In a minute or two came another with the same important countenance, who took away the landlord; and immediately afterwards the bar keeper disappeared in the same mysterious manner, leaving a little girl in charge of his department. My curiosity was now excited to the utmost; so laying down my candle again, although it was still raining heavily, I followed him out into the dark street, and down it for some distance until, walking up the steps of a house, he opened the door and entered. Seeing a crowd of people inside wearing their hats, I also stepped in, and found myself in a small frame room, devoid of all furniture except two rough chairs and a strong greasy table, with some benches placed against the walls, from which were suspended lists of the Newark and Hoboken coaches, steam vessels, lotteries, the comic annuals, and other placards. One of the ricketty old chairs was occupied by an elderly, sharp featured man, with long gray hair, brushed up so as to display a high forehead, and with a pair of spectacles fitted on the very tip of his nose, which he took off at intervals of a minute or two, and looked round with great dignity upon the people assembled. Then, after taking the circuit, he let his eyes fall on an ill-dressed man, apparently an artizan, who sat in the other chair opposite, and scrutinized his appearance from head to foot; while he himself, leaning back upon his own seat and balancing on the hinder legs of it, had his feet crossed on the top of the table, on which lay an abundantly thumbed and dog-eared volume, some writing paper, and a cork inkstand. I was utterly at a loss for some time, to discover for what purpose so many silent people could have collected together, and was at last relieved from my suspense by the elderly man suddenly rousing himself, and saying with the air of a man just struck by some bright thought or determined upon some great undertaking, "State the charge against the prisoner"; and for the first time I found myself in the presence of an American Justice of the Peace. The man who had so coolly taken possession of the other chair was charged with paying for a quantity of clams which he had purchased from a little boy, with a counterfeit dollar note. It appeared by the evidence of a host of witnesses, that he had been taken from a tavern where he was superintending the cooking of the clams and that his confederates had made their escape. The prisoner protested most vehemently against the accusation, asserting his innocence in a long story which was not at all connected with the charge, and was interrupted momentarily by the observations and witticisms of the by-standers, on the chance of his being lodged free of expense in good apartments at Sing-Sing, and joking him upon the loss of his clam supper. The justice appeared to have less to do in the matter than any one else, until some one called out "Let the Squire cross-examine him;" "Aye do cross-examine him, Squire," was repeated by some fifteen voices, and the squire accordingly, peering over the top of his spectacles, let fly a volley of "who are you?" "what's your trade?" "where did you get that note?" "what brought you to this town?" where are you from," "what's your name?" and other questions, with such amazing volubility as if he was trying to confuse the prisoner with the very weight of them, concluding by saying, "well I move that this 'ere fellow be committed, and that we make up the dollar for the boy." Silver coins to the amount were immediately thrown upon the table by the bystanders; and the squire smiling complacently, threw himself back in his chair, quite overcome with the exertion of the prisoner's cross examination. One man remarked that "he had better dismiss him, for the dollar would stand the state in $200 to prosecute." The wooden-legged man also took a most active and prominent part in the jokes and gibes on the prisoner, saying "You richly deserve three years in Sing-Sing." "So do you, if every rogue had his deserts" answered the culprit "Very like," replied the first; and if I go there, I shall make special application to be put in the same cell with you, and then I'll give you a good flogging." Soon after, another party came in with one of the accomplices, against whom the first turned evidence, and was therefore admitted to bail; but not being able to furnish it, the squire permitted him to go away, on his bare promise that he would return the next day, and the other culprit was delivered over to a guard of the citizens, who volunteered their services for the night. Although throughout the scene was ludicrous in the extreme, there were still some traits highly creditable to the justice and by-standers, especially in the spirit with which the collection was made for the boy, and the readiness with which they all proffered to take charge of the prisoner till the morning.

A TAME SPIDER.

We are told in the life of the celebrated Baron Trenck, that his inhuman persecutors, astonished at his serenity in prison, under all his ill-treatment, kept watch upon him, and discovered that he had found amusement in taming a spider; they immediately deprived him of even this consolation. The story of the tame spider has been doubted. We are told, however, by Signor Pellico, who was confined ten years on a charge of treason, by the present Emperor of Austria, that he made a pet of a spider on the wall, which he fed with gnats and flies, and which became at last so domesticated, that he would crawl into his bed, or on his hand, to receive his allowance.

Lines written in 1827, on the death of M. De la M——, a well known sportsman of New-York.

The Sun sinks low behind the Bergen ridge,
And Brooklyn's gun th' event proclaims aloud:
While to the noble Hudson's *floating bridge*
The New-York sportsmen fast begin to crowd.

The robin shooters, men and boys the same,
Wearied on foot, approach the welcome dock:
But gigs and wagons bring the *real* game;
And in them gunners of a diff'rent stock.

One only of the group is seen to ride,
He sits upon a pony, old and grey;
His well-train'd dogs are running by his side,
And for him all his breth'ren strait make way.

Of all th' assembled sportsmen he alone
Look'd like a son of Nimrod or Diana;
In whose good days fair ladies were more prone
To chace fleet deer, than sit at the piano.

His face was long and pale, his whiskers large,
His person small, and very shrill his voice,
Which like a trumpet, call'd his dogs to *charge!*
And brought them to the ground, from fear, not choice.

His short green coat, his cap, and whole costume,
With double gun across his shoulder slung,
Would make a stranger, at first sight, presume
That he had hunted when the world was young.

The river now behold the party cross,
And every one his homeward way pursue;
For none we care except the man and horse;
They are our game, and them we keep in view.

But why thus idly say we'll follow on?
When Death, the dreaded hunter of our race,
Has seized upon our hero, and he's gone
Where never more he'll follow in the chace.

Full oft, indeed, in cover has he been,
Toiling from morn to eve for cock and quail,
But never in so *close* a one was seen,
As *that* which hides his corse, now cold and pale.

Both Train's and Swartwout's meadows oft have seen
Him beat for snipe, midst stumps and slush and mire;
On Harlem heights, too, many times he's been,
And Kingsbridge hills have frequent heard his fire.

Pointers or setters, he no more will train,
Hie on! Take heed! steady! or Back! will call,
For Fate has ta'en him by a *coup de main*,
And, '*Billy*' like, has made him '*give up*' all.

No more his laugh shall make the room resound,
No more his hand shall raise th' inspiring bowl,
No more he'll argue, with a look profound,
The question, if a dog has got a soul!

No more he'll shoot at pigeons from the trap;
No more he'll bet on seven out of ten;
No more he'll make a single flash or snap;
Nor ever join the New-York Club again.

Never again he'll affidavit make
Twelve quails successively he shot and bagg'd;
Never again his word and honor stake,
Where those who doubted should themselves be gagg'd.

To no more sporting suppers will he go;
No more believe, should the grave chairman say—
"Here comes the *Marquis*, who, my friends, you know—
"Is far the greatest sportsman of the day."

No more we'll hear him in the Billiard Room,
"Don't bet your money, Isaac, though I swear
"I've got no play against me, yet my doom
"Is fix'd, and I shall lose the game, I fear."

Never again he'll madly swap or trade
His favorite pony for a wretched horse,
That when it has the debt of Nature paid,
Will frighten carrion crows from off its corse.

He found "the ruling passion strong in death,"
And could not to the last his sport let go;
For shortly ere he drew his latest breath
He whistled to his dogs, and call'd "toho!"

Here let us rest—nor farther inquest make
Into the silent precincts of the tomb,
Nor more our brother sportman's ashes rake—
Who's gone too early to his long, long home.

DELTA.

One of the English papers suggests that a British Regiment be sent over forthwith to settle the hash between the pugnacious, or rather auto-pugnacious brothers in Portugal; the editor says that 500 Englishmen would finish the whole concern. Miguguelites and Pedroites, in a couple of days—Well done Captain Bobadil!

Pickled Cockles.—A parrot the property of a lady, was one day detected by the enraged cook, for the fiftieth time, in the act of larceny,—stealing pickled cockles. The *manœuvre* was upon him, and she inflicted a summary punishment on the green delinquint. "What, you've been at the pickled cockles again, have you?" said she, hurling a ladle of hot soup at him. The feathers of his head were scalded off; from being excessively talkative, he suddenly became dumb; he was mute, bald, and solemn, for nearly a year. At last the stubs began to peep out on his pate, and the mistress's father came from the country to see her; the old man was bald; the bird had never seen him before, and was doubtless struck with the coincidence of naked heads; for the moment the old gentleman entered the parlour, the parrot broke his long silence, by vociferating with immense emphasis and glee, "What, you've been at the pickled cockles too have you!"

Etiquette of the French Bar.—During a recent trial in Paris, as an advocate was preparing to take his seat upon the counsel's bench, he was rudely seized by the collar, by one of the Municipal Guards. A struggle ensued, and upon being liberated, the advocate immediately complained to the President of the court of the outrage upon his person. The Judge called upon the peace-officer to account for his having thus created a riot, who attempted to justify himself by pointing out that the barrister had violated the regulations as to costume, by presenting himself in a pair of *gray pantaloons, and a black stock*. The President, however, informed this self-constituted Master of the Ceremonies that he had exceeded his province, and dismissed him, with a severe reprimand for his presumption.—*Philadelphia Gaz.*

Anecdote.—What are you doing there Solomon, (said the patroon of a Broad river boat, a few evenings since, as he had made his cable fast to a tree for the night.) I'm only just driving a nail in the boat at the edge of the water, to see if the river will rise any afore morning.

SHOPPING.

SCENE IN A JEWELLER'S SHOP.

Jeweller, Solus.—Here come the two pretty Miss Edwardses. They are always gadding and give more trouble to the shopkeepers than they are worth. They are fond of overhauling the nicest goods, but never buy any thing—always complaining of the extravagant prices! Egad; if they call in, I'll find out what they are after, I'll warrant them, or my name is not Jack Robinson. Here they come—good morning, ladies—(*Enter ladies.*) Can I serve you with any thing this morning?

Miss E.—Why, I don't know. What have you that's pretty? I want a ring, a finger ring. What do you ask for these amethysts?

Jeweller. Three dollars and a half.

Miss E. Three dollars and a half! what a price.—I know I can buy them at other stores for two dollars. What do you ask for this plain gold one?

Jeweller. I have always sold rings of that kind, for one dollar and a quarter a piece, but if you really wish to purchase it, you may have it for fifty cents.

Miss E. Fifty cents for this plain ring—why it's a monstrous price—I never heard of such a thing.

Jeweller. I wish I could trade with you, Miss E. Come, you shall have it for thirty-seven and a half.

Miss E. No sir, I cannot think of it—I want to buy a ring, but cannot afford to give such an exorbitant price.

Jeweller. Say no more, ma'am, you shall have it for twenty-five.

Miss E. O, that's altogether too much—I know I can buy them cheaper elsewhere.

Jeweller. I am desirous of securing your custom, ma'am, and I will sell it for twelve and a half cents.

Miss E. Ah, you are getting to be a little more reasonable, but twelve and a half cents is too high—too high.

Jeweller. I am resolved to please you—and my lowest price is six and a quarter cents.

Miss E. (*After examining it closely.*) Will you warrant it to be pure gold?

Jeweller. Gold of an extra fineness. It suits your finger exactly, and you shall have the little box into the bargain.

Miss E. (*Aside to her sister.*) O, I almost wish we had brought some money with us. (*Aloud.*) Is that your lowest price *sir?*

Jeweller. That, ma'am, is my lowest price.

Miss E. If that's the case, I am afraid we shall not be able to trade—I know I can buy them for *three cents* at the other shops. Good morning sir.—(*Exit ladies.*)

Jeweller. Good morning, ladies. Well that beats all. Three cents for a gold ring, that cost me one dollar by the dozen! And this is what is called *shopping*. It is shopping with a vengeance. I wish these pretty woman could find some better employment, than to go the rounds regularly every pleasant day, to exhibit their charming persons, and tire out the patience of the shopkeepers. They will not trouble me again very soon, however.

Various are the ways of fortune—but that hit upon by the "bummeree," in the annexed police report from a London paper, is truly original.

Fish for Sale.—On Saturday last, Thomas Gibson, a bummeree, or retailer of fish in Billingsgate, was brought before the Lord Mayor, for having followed Mr. Goldham, the clerk of the market, from place to place, with a loaded stick, a blow of which inflicted by a man of moderate strength, would fell an ox. Mr. Goldham, to the surprise and amusement of the crowd in the justice-room, gave the following account of Gibson:—I have had a great deal of trouble my Lord, with the defendant, who is constantly in the habit of imposing on the public by the tricks of his trade. He puts the gills of fresh fish into the bodies of fish that have been long dead, and he also supplies the heads of stinking fish with fresh eyes. Sometimes he throws a little blood amongst the pale old gills of a fish, and the old ladies are deceived by the freshness of the appearance—the cod or mackerel looking as if it had just passed the agonies of death, and they throw down their money with pleasure for a prize which, when they get it home, turns out to be as bad as a three weeks old milt. [Great laughter.] The Lord Mayor—I had often heard of giving new feathers to birds, and of making a "wonderful crocodile" of the skin of a buffalo lined with block tin—[laughter] but I never heard of making up food in the market before.

Mr. Goldham—It was only the other day that he imposed a Dutch plaice upon an old lady for what he called a turbot. She said, "On dear, a turbot 'a young undergrown halibut," I suppose?" "Yes, ma'am," says he, "just like a parquet, what's like a parrot, but younger and more tender, sure enough. [Great laughter.] The lady came down the next day, but Tom was too good a judge to be there.—She had paid 3s. for the turbot, and he had sold its fellows, when good, at 4d. apiece. The Lord Mayor—Is it true, defendant, that you act in this way?—Gilson—Why, my Lord, they do put new gills and eyes into the fish what comes up to the market; but howsomdever, the fish an't the worse for having had bad eyes and white gills. The fish may be good fish though his eyes is sare—[laughter]—but there is some people as won't have no fish as an't perfect every whers, and so we're obliged for to please 'em, and we do put in a fresh eye or two what looks bright, and the moment they sees the eyes glisten, they says I'll have that un. [Loud laughter.] Howsomdever, we never beauties barrin the fish is a good fish. Mr. Goldham—A lady bought a turbot a short time ago from this man, and as it had been lying on his form for some time, it began to get flabby. To remedy this defect, he shoved a stick up the body, which, of course, became stiff enough, and he soon found a customer.

Down came the lady next day, to the terror of the defendant, who, however, had not much reason to be frightened, for she says to him, "My good man, I don't blame you, but we could'nt eat a bit of the turbot yesterday. Do you know that the poor unfortunate fish must have suffered a great deal of agony, for, upon boiling him, we found that he had swallowed a piece of wood as long as himself."—[Laughter.] Gilson—But the fish was good please your lordship. This lady did'nt think there was any good in him if he warn't as still as a poker; and I thinked it no harm to ram a bit of clean wood in him, to make it an out and out caper. (Laughter.) She might have sat him if she chose for the withles he got a'ter the life was out on him done him no harm. Lord Mayor—Well you have acted candidly at any rate, and confessed that you are a practised impostor; but pray, what sort of blood do you color the gills of the fish with? Gilson—It don't signify, please you, my lord; any blood as is nearest at hand—Lord Mayor—(to the defendant)—How much do you get for doctoring fish in this manner to cheat the public with?—Gilson—I like to have a little to do in that way, my lord, but not for cheating. I takes a pride in beautifying the watery hanimals, but they never stinks in my hands. (Laughter.) Lord Mayor—For all that I'll make you find bail. Here the son of the defendant also a fish retailer, but a respectable young man, offered bail, and it was immediately received.

A Safe Promise.—Mr. O'Dwyer, the Member from Drogheda, told the company at a public dinner in Dublin, on Saturday, that 'he had promised his constituents that he would return to them with *as pure a brogue*, as when he received the trust they reposed in him.' If there are pledges more easy to be kept than broken, this is one of them.

RULES FOR GOOD BREEDING.

Reader, whenever you enter a neighbor's house, never knock at the door, or ring the bell, but lift the latch, and bolt boldly in. It evinces a noble feeling of independence, and if you should catch your neighbor's wife in dishabille, or his daughter essaying a new pair of stockings, it is no matter,—such things occur in ah families.

If you are a young man, when walking along the streets with two or three companions, *link arm in arm*, and you may thus have all the side walk to yourselves. If you should meet any ladies it will be a good joke to oblige them to turn out, jump into the mud, and sully their satin or prunella shoes. *Mem.* If you meet a *gentleman* and lady, it might be well to break your phalanx lest you should get your heads broken.

Gather in clusters at the corners of the principal streets on the Sabbath-day or at the entrance of a church, that you may have an opportunity of gazing upon all the ladies as they pass to and fro, and making witty and satirical remarks upon their dresses or appearance.

When about to promenade on a pleasant day, more especially if you intend to honor the streets with your presence, where *ladies* most do congregate, put a segar in your mouth, if the city authorities are indulgent enough to allow it—a *long nine* is preferable to a real Havana, and administer to the enjoyment of the fair, by puffing a full mouthful of the savory smoke into the face of every female you meet.

If you go to church, be sure to go to some house where you have no pew. Some person in the congregation will open his door to you and a mouthful of Cavendish will enable you to besprinkle the pew floor. If it is carpeted, tobacco juice is better than tea grounds.

In driving a gig, never turn out for a lady, old or young—but be especially careful to run over children. It is delightful to see them scatter, and superlative pleasure to knock down a few.

Never keep up a chaise top, though the sun be hot enough to melt metal harness mountings; keep a segar in your mouth, and with your right arm uprais'd *a la Don Quixotte*, make the whip-lash rattle like a scattering fire of small arms.

In conversation upon a disputed subject avoid circumlocution, and give your antagonist the lie direct. It is so genteel, and then if you have a chance to make an apology, you can do it with such grace.

Enquire of every man his business, question his motives, and animadvert upon his conduct. What right has a man to secrets in a free country?

For the Traveller & Times.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE HUDSON.

Upon thy verdant shores, majestic stream!
How the soft beauty of the landscape glows,
While blent with heaven's loveliest hues, the gleam
Of quiet billows o'er thy bosom throws
A light so gentle that its flashings seem
Like dreams that mar while making sweet repose!
How, mov'd by zephyrs, murmur thy glad waters,
Sweet as the charmed voice of Ocean's daughters!

And too, the solemn grandeur of thy hills
That all rise proudly as when in their prime,
They left the eternal hand of Him who stills
And moves the elements,—a type sublime
Of that soul-felt immensity that fills
The depths of space, and triumphs over time!
And well might their perpetual glory fire
The spirit of some "monarch of the lyre!"

But I am only an uncertain poet,
Caring a deal for rhyme and nought for fame;
(I think this stanza will most clearly show it,)
Yet, nature, do I love to watch the flame
That burns upon thine altars—and I know it
Can swell the heart more proudly than a name!
And it were better far than thus to pour theo
My idle song, in silence to adore thee!

The mellowing glare of sun-light bathes the west,
And all is one expanse of brightness, save
Where yon white clouds float on the azure breast
Of air, like nymphs in chrystal founts that lave,
Which their sweet bosoms chasten, while caress'd—
The twilight moon is looking on the wave—
And ether-pinioned silence wings her flight
O'er earth to welcome in her sister night!

And thou, whose fond, warm arm is linked in mine,
Turn thy blue eyes from their twin star above,
And peer into this water's sparkling shine!
That image, trembling like a half tamed dove,
See'st thou! and look! its features answer thine,
Thy counterpart in all but life and love!
Around us mortals hover sprites that we
Behold not, but an angel waits on thee!

If some bright Peri would to us impart
(Pray draw that shawl around your other shoulder,)
The pure conceptions of her virgin heart
(I think the air is getting somewhat colder!)
We might know more of angels! (shall we start?
This rheumatism! I feel I'm getting older.
Had'nt we better go? I think we had!
I'm hungry—well let Dinah cook that shad!)

E. L.

LACONIC EPISTLES.

A very celebrated Diplomatist whose time, at one period of his life, was so engaged in matters of political importance, that he could scarcely find a moment to attend to social duties,—and a certain facetious colleague used to say, that he never dotted his *I's* or crossed his *T's*, for the purpose of saving time. It is not therefore probable that such a man would fritter away his precious existence in writing letters to friends upon subjects unconnected with ambition or party intrigues! He, however, broke through his determination in the following instance:—A lady, with whom he was well acquainted, married a young French nobleman, the choice of her heart. Scarcely had the Honey Moon passed away, when the husband was attacked with severe illness and died. The diplomatist being informed that the affliction of the lady was so intense that, night and day, she did nothing but weep—that sorrow would soon bring her to the grave—deemed it an imperative duty to write a letter of condolence—this he performed; but reflecting that true grief is always laconic, and wishing her to understand how alive his feelings were to the irreparable loss she had sustained, he wrote these words—and they formed the whole contents of the consoling epistle:—"*Ah! Madame!!!*"

Six months passed away—and grief and sorrow passed also away with the fleeting months. The fair lady, following the example of the Dame of Ephesus, took to herself another husband. No sooner had the writer of Protocols heard this news, than he evinced more than usual alacrity in coming to the conclusion of writing a congratulatory epistle, which was accordingly dispatched. He again reflected, that if grief be not loquacious, joy is also laconic—and so he wrote:—*Ho! Ho! Madame!*"

A Good One.—The editor of the New Haven Herald acknowledges the receipt of several bottles of beer, said to be of superior quality, but as he is not disposed to give his opinion upon ex parte testimony, calls upon another dealer in the same article, to present him with a similar number of bottles of his brewing, to enable him to make the comparison.

COURAGE AND FIDELITY OF A DOG.

Some winters back, in a part of the vast forest that stretches along the Upper Norwegian frontier, were travelling two gentlemen—one a native, the other an Englishman. They had gone on the day many weary miles through the wastes of snow and forest, when climbing a steep ascent, some two hours ride from the place of their destination, they left the sledge and walked, thereby relieving the horse, and at the same time stretching their own cramped limbs. A large dog (a cross of the bull and mastiff, and English horn) trotted slowly at their heels, and appeared to share with them the gloom which the monotonous silence of a winter forest never fails to cast over even the most volatile disposition. Having attained the hill top, the travellers at the moment of re-entering the sledge, perceived a wolf of gigantic size following in their track. They dragged the dog who was a great favorite, into the sledge with them, and put the horse to his full speed. As, by inconceivable imprudence, they had ventured unarmed in the forest, their only chance of safety was flight, and, while the descent was in their favor, they outstripped their pursuer; but the horse, though winged by fear, as his dropped ears and quivering limbs plainly told, was already jaded: he soon slackened his speed, and faint and trembling he staggered feebly onward, his strength rapidly deserting him. One only resource now remained, which was to slip the dog, who might possibly hold the wolf in check sufficient time to allow of their escape. However reluctant to consign the poor animal to certain death, self-preservation forced them to adopt this last and only expedient. The wolf was within a few yards when they loosed him, and instantly the two had grappled, and rolled struggling on the snow. As if he knew that life was at stake, the horse now sprang forward desperately, and never paused in his career until he fell expiring in the court yard of ——. That night, while in ease and security the travellers were forgetting their danger, a faint moan was heard at the gate. It was the dog. Covered with blood and wounds, the faithful creature crawled to his master's feet and expired. The wood was searched next morning, and in a spot where the up-torn snow attested the length and fierceness of the conflict, the wolf was found dead. He was the largest seen in those parts within the memory of man.

The following story is told of Mr. Merry:—In tender youth, he loved and courted a modest appanage to the Opera, in truth a dancer, who had won him by the artless contrast between her manners and situation. She seemed to him a native violet, that had been transplanted by some rude accident into that exotic and artificial hotbed. Nor, in truth, was she less genuine and sincere than she appeared to him. He wooed and won this fair flower. Only for appearance' sake, and for due honour to the bride's relations she craved that she might have the attendance of her friends and kindred at the approaching solemnity. The request was too amiable not to be conceded; and in this solicitude for conciliating the good will of mere relations, he found a presage of her sweet attentions to himself, when the golden shaft should have "killed the flock of all affections else." The morning came; and at the Star and Garter, Richmond—the place appointed for the breakfasting—accompanied with one English friend, he impatiently awaited what reinforcements the bride should bring to grace the ceremony. A rich muster she had made. They came in six coaches—the whole corps du ballet—French, Italian, men and women. Monsieur de B. the famous *pirouetter* of the day, led his fair spouse, but craggy, from the banks of the Seine. The prima donna had sent her excuse. But the first and second buffa were there; and Signor Sc—, and Signora Ch—, and Madame V—, with a countless cavalcade besides of chorusers, figurantes, &c. at the sight of whom Merry afterwards declared, that "then for the first time it struck him seriously, that he was about to marry—a dancer." But there was no help for it. Besides, it was her day; these were, in fact, her friends and kinsfolk. The assemblage, though whimsical, was all very natural. But when the bride—handing out of the last coach a still more extraordinary figure than the rest—presented to him as *her father*—the gentleman that was to *give her away*—no less a person than Signor Delpini himself—with a sort of pride, as much as to say, See what I have brought to do us honour!—the thought of so extraordinary a paternity, quite overcame him; and slipping away under some pretence from the bride and her motley adherents, poor Merry took horse from the back yard to the nearest sea-coast, from which, shipping himself to America, he shortly after consoled himself with a more congenial match in the person of Miss Brunton, the actress; relieved from his intended clown father, and a bevy of painted buffas for bridemaids.

One of the most striking instances of the effects of a disordered imagination occurred recently in the vicinity of Haverhill, Mass., the facts of which are thus detailed by a writer bearing the initials of Mr. Whittier, the poet:

In September, 1831, a worthy and highly esteemed citizen of this town died suddenly on the bridge over the Merrimac, by the bursting of a blood vessel. It was just at daybreak, when he was engaged with another person in raising the draw of the bridge for the passage of a sloop. The

New-York
TRAVELLER, TIMES & JOURNAL

"Laugh at the jests, or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale
Or press the bashful stranger to his food—
And learn the luxury of doing good."

SATURDAY EVENING, July 27, 1833.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

The large number now printed of the Traveller and Spirit of the Times, compels us to go to press early on Friday evening. To be certain of their insertion therefore, advertisements should be sent on Thursday evening, or early on Friday morning. The circulation of the paper is upwards of three thousand copies, nearly one half of which are in the city.

TO DISTANT SUBSCRIBERS.

We receive almost every day, orders from country subscribers, directing the paper to be sent to them, but not enclosing the subscription money. The price of our paper is so low that the expenses of collecting in distant places, eat up all the profits, and we must therefore decline receiving subscriptions hereafter,—unless the money is forwarded in advance; those to whom we have sent papers will particularly oblige us, by complying with our terms. Our hope is to make great improvements in the paper in the course of the present year; but to do this we must incur heavy expenses, and unless our subscribers are punctual in their payments, we cannot do for them what we propose, and wish to accomplish.

Friends who favor us with communications will oblige us by remembering that postage is a heavy item in our list of expenses; and that we *must* decline taking from the Office all letters not post-paid.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For a year, *three dollars;* for six months, *one dollar and fifty cents;* for three months, *one dollar;* payable in advance. Subscribers not paying in advance, or witholding payment when bills are presented, will be charged at the rate of *three dollars and fifty cents* for the year.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN ASPIRING YOUNG MAN.

Jehiel W. Pettibone was a juvenile gentleman of respectable parentage and very slender proportions. Nature had been bountiful to him in the longitudinal expansion of his nether and upper limbs, but penurious in her distribution of intellect and of muscular substance for the proper equipment of his anatomical structure; in fact there was no relation of equality between the bony and fleshy parts of Jehiel's organization, and if it were not for the branching out of his figure below into a fork, his shadow might pass very well for that of a long walking stick with a couple of strings dangling at some distance from its superior extremity. The respectable progenitor of Jehiel was a pains-taking cultivator of vegetables, and dwelt in a modest farm house which lay in the centre of a small patch of rather poor land on the Jersey shore of the magnificent Hudson, whence he was in the habit of making daily descents upon the commercial metropolis in a small boat duly freighted with cabbages, turnips, potatoes, green peas, cherries, and such other edibles as experience had taught him, were held in repute by the omnivorous citizens.—His gains in this simple traffic were it is true, somewhat scanty, but his habits and those of his helpmate were remarkably frugal, and being at the period of this most authentic of narratives, deeply stricken in years, the aggregate of the various small sums that had been chargeable in his favor to the profit and loss account in his leger, if he had kept one, amounted to a by no means contemptible number of pounds currency; for the old gentleman with a praiseworthy respect for the good old fashions in which he had been brought up, manfully resisted all attempts to cajole or persuade him into adopting the convenient system of reckoning by dollars and cents, which he denounced as a new fangled notion, almost as destestable as the substitution of small twisted rolls of tobacco for the fair honest pipes that were prevalent in the halcyon days of his nonage. The connubial felicity of Mr. and Mrs. Pettibone the elder, had been heightened and made permanent by the rapid appearance of a numerous swarm of young sprouts from their own stock, which in process of time grew up in the likeness of eight sons and eleven long daughters; for longitude was a general feature of the whole tribe, although none other was drawn out to such an enormous extent as our hero, Jehiel. It was the hope and design of the respectable Mr. Pettibone to bring up the whole of this flourishing family to man's and woman's estate without suffering any one of the number to wander away from the paternal roof, and the great end of his toil and his thrift was to portion and marry his half score and one feminine specimens, so that his acres with the buildings thereon might descend undiminished and unencumbered as the inheritance of eight industrious gardeners like himself. Experience had taught him that the marketing was sufficient to support them as long as they should remain single, and he piously trusted to Providence to take care of such of them as should go the way of all manhood, and marry. With seven-eighths of his male progeny the hope of the senior was fulfilled to the letter, for every one of his sons with the single exception of Jehiel, took kindly to the vocation of a raiser of esculents, and at the time of our story some three or four of them might be seen any day (Sundays and the fourth of July excepted) dealing out lettuces, cabbages, turnips and other such ware in the purlieus of Washington market. In the case of Jehiel however, a blight fell on the expectations of Mr. Pettibone; it chanced on one ill-fated Saturday afternoon that the long stripling was tempted to treat his inconceivable legs with a stroll toward the upper part of the city, while the old man remained at the market in charge of the vegetables; for on Saturdays, as the readers of this true story are no doubt aware, the business of buying and selling among those who trade chiefly in eatables, is carried on to a late hour. It is meet that the outward appearance of the young man at this period of his existence be made perceptible to the imaginations of such as are about to be made acquainted with a portion of his biography; as has already been intimated, his person was remarkable rather for extraordinary elongation than for grace, or beauty of outline; his eyes were gooseberry grey, large, and of a very peculiar and leaden dullness; his nose was long, thin and sunburnt; his mouth wide and garnished with two rows of tremendous fangs, which had existed some fifteen years in ignorance of a tooth brush; his hair was long, coarse and lank, and of a color that hovered between those of flax and tow; and to complete the attractions of his extenuated [illegible] of his four limbs were garnished with hands and feet of superhuman dimensions. To finish the picture, it is only requisite to mention that his upper half was encumbered with something which he called a coat, made of fair homespun woolen, and of an ambiguous color; that his trowsers, through which he was in the habit of thrusting his legs altogether too far, were of tow cloth that had once been brown, but now by dint of excessive washing had contracted a nondescript hue neither brown nor white; that his unprepossessing locks were scantily covered by an ancient wool hat which *had* been large enough for him at some remote period of time, and the rim of which had been miserably curtailed of its poportions in the course of its long and arduous service; and that he walked, or to speak more correctly, effected a progress by no means wanting in rapidity, by a queer movement of the stupendous stilts upon which it had pleased Nature to exalt his ungainly person, and stared as he went at every thing that encountered his eyes, with a visage in which delight, stupidity, and bewilderment seemed to contend for the mastery.

A pleasing and not uninstructive account might be indicted, of the wonders that caught the erratic orbs of Jehiel in his progress through Fulton street and Broadway; but it is the duty of the historian sometimes to study brevity, and in the present case it becomes us to follow the footsteps of the slim juvenal, as they diverged from the great highway of fashion, and were bent toward the magnificent Hudson, through the dry good shops of Canal street; for it was here that the soul of Jehiel received the impression which made him an exile from the home of his fathers, and led to the adventure that forms the subject of this narrative.

It has already been mentioned that the time of the eventful perambulation was a Saturday afternoon; the precise day of the month, and even the month itself are not ascertained, but it was in the summer season, and the state of the weather was such as to elicit from several individuals of good character for veracity, the remark that it was unpleasantly warm; and it is curious to observe by what a mysterious process this fact became influential upon the destiny of the youngest slip of the Pettibone family. It has been long since established by very sufficient testimony, that excessive heat acts as a dissuasive from locomotion, when not to be accomplished by some foreign power, as steam, or the legs of a horse or a donkey; and it is in the experience of all dealers in haberdashery that there is never so little shopping performed, as upon those disagreeable days when the mercury rises above ninety. It was from this cause undoubtedly that at the hour of Jehiel's appearance, an unusual inactivity was perceptible among the thrifty and thriving retailers of Canal street, and that as he passed by the shops, he was aware of numbers of nattily dressed clerks, or as they are christened by some writers, "counter-jumpers," whose only employment appeared to him to be the enjoyment of *otium cum dignitate* in the guise of a chair tilted up on its hind legs, a feather fan, and a newspaper. The sight of their happiness awakened emotions unknown before in the bosom of the amazed rustic; and he began from that moment to scorn the laborious life of a husbandman.

It is needful that we advance in our history, and to that end a period of some five or six months in the annals of young Pettibone, must be passed over with nothing more than a brief reference to the gradual dawnings and ultimate full growth of his ambition, the remonstrances and ineffectual resistance of his distressed parent, and the negociations and arrangements, which finally resulted in his establishment as junior clerk, in a dashing Dry Good store in the Bowery—nor can we dwell upon the vexations and mortifications, through which the aspiring juvenal had to pass in his progress to the acquisition of a more humanized exterior, or the very essential difference between his original notions and his experience of the delectable incidents in the life of an assistant distributor of tapes, ginghams, brown holland, bobbins, and calicos. Suffice it to say that long before he had become dexterous in the mystery of the yard-stick, and a skilful use of the thumb as an incident to the same, the predilection of Jehiel for the new vocation in which he had embarked, was put to a sore trial, and that nothing but shame stood more than once in the way of his return to the hearth and the labors of his sire, and the seven long Pettibones, whom it was impossible to mistake for any thing but his brethren.

Time wore on however, and the longitudinal Jehiel became not only reconciled to his calling, but likely to prove one of its ornaments. He cultivated the acquaintance of a topping up-town artist in the clothing line, in whose books there arose a rapid accumulation of charges to the debit of J. W. Pettibone, most of which, it is to be feared, remain to this day without a balancing entry of "credit by cash"; acquired the indispensable accomplishments of smoking, (generally in the street, after the manner of true fashionables) staring ladies out of countenance, street walking and billiard-playing; compelled his wiry bristles into a jaunty and rakish attempt at a curl: sported Wellington boots which enriched his enormous supporters with a full growth of corns in a singularly brief period; became skilful in horse flesh and mint-juleps; and had a great deal to say of the merits of the principal dancers, actors, singers, and actresses. In short, no one whose good fortune it was to encounter the youth as he strutted along Broadway of a Sunday, with his stylish appointments, his guard chain, and his little black switch, puffing out graceful wreaths of segar smoke, and thrusting his long nose under the bonnet of every lady he met, could have recognised the *ci-devant* clodhopper, who but a few months before had driven hard bargains in Washington Market, with such as proposed to exchange their coin for eggs, buttermilk cheeses, poultry, and garden stuff. But one thing was wanting, as his more experienced friends and companions gave him to understand, to finish his education and perfect his title to call himself "one of them": a point at which the ambitious designs of the aspiring Knight of the yard-stick, were at this period of his history, exclusively and expressly directed.

The only remaining requisite to the finishing of the metamorphosed Jehiel, was an affair of gallantry; his mentors and co-mates of the counter assured him, that without this, all that he had learned, done, and suffered, was of no moment: and he was indeed advised of the fact, that each of them rejoiced in the possession of "a friend" in the person of some good looking servant girl of the neighborhood, upon whom he expended most of his spare time, and no small share of his loose cash, in ice creams and gig-hire. The advice struck upon the sensorium of the pliant Jehiel with a pleasing effect, and he bent his mind to the gallant resolve, that he too would provide himself with a mistress upon the first opportunity. The fates were propitious to his intent; the proprietor of the shop in which he flourished in his vocation, betook himself to the Springs, and on the very first night of his absence, the amorous clerk abandoned his counter and "shut up" at an early hour; strode with the full stretch of his prepostero-uslegs to the garret, where he was in the habit of taking his horizontal refreshment, and proceeded with all haste to the decoration of his excessive slender person. There was nothing especially worthy of notice in the selection of his garments, for the occasion before him, except in the choice of his pantaloons and his gloves; the latter were white kid, being a stray pair that had been kept at the shop for some months, for the accommodation of such customers as could not be prevailed on to buy without first trying on, and in the course of their service in this capacity, had been distended into an amplitude almost capable of admitting the vast paw of their present proprietor; the pantaloons were in like manner white, being the only pair of that color possessed by the ingenious Jehiel, and had been brought home only the day before fresh from the improving hands of the laundress, after a detention of some weeks, incurred by a default in the payment of seven shillings and sixpence, which she claimed for services rendered in the line of her calling. Apparelled with these trinkets then, and with a collar and show bosom, which passed for a clean shirt, the gallant Jehiel set forth with a segar in his hat and his little black switch in his hand, in search of adventures; and good fortune seemed to attend him in the outset of his career.

He had wandered as far down town as the junction of Broadway and Chatham-street, heedfully scanning the garb and demeanor of every woman he met, when it was his lot to encounter a plump-looking damsel of inviting appearance, bearing in one hand a bundle of respectable size, and in the other an object which the obscurity of the night forbade the youth from distinguishing; it might be a shawl or a large bead bag, or a pillow case; but the gray eyes of the youthful hope of the Pettibones were too much engaged in scanning the form and watching the movements of the young woman, to take much heed of her burdens. It is needless to observe that his course was no longer southwardly, and that his footsteps now closely followed those of the incognita; pleasing anticipations thickened upon him at every step, and he only awaited a fortunate moment when no one was near at hand to address the fair stranger. Such a conjuncture was not long in coming, and Jehiel with his most insinuating voice and manner though not without trepidation observed, "I say pretty one you trip it along pretty smart, for all you seem to have got a load; allow me to offer my arm."

To his immense delight and no small surprise, the proposition was favorably received, and the arm of the interesting stranger was speedily locked in his own; an uncomfortable sensation taking place at the moment in the neighborhood of his left knee, with which the nondescript something borne by his companion, was brought into contact, producing a damp feel like that of a wet sponge.

"You'm very kind" said the lady; "I've had a long drag, and these ere things are a getting to grow heavy."

The hint was too palpable to be missed, and Jehiel gallantly offered to carry the bundle.

"Them are's eggs" answered the damsel," and I'm rather afeard you'll be smashing some on em; but you may take this ere if you've a mind, and I can make out pretty slick with the other"; and so saying she thrust into the hand of the astounded young man, a monstrous beef steak reeking with grease and incipient gravy, which he felt in his inmost soul must ruin his white glove forever, not to mention the foul spot on the knee of his best inexpressibles.

* * * * * * *

As they proceeded along the Bowery, the mind of the youth in some degree regained its composure, and he was enabled to make sundry vigorous demonstrations of his conversational powers, to which his companion replied with an affability that raised his hopes to the loftiest pitch: and if it had not been for a stop which she made at a grocery, where she purchased a string of onions and three pounds of cheese which she thrust into his disengaged hand with a simple "I'll trouble you jest to carry them are," and for his fears of encountering some of his master's customers in his then unsavory pickle, the walk would have been pleasant enough, taking into consideration the result to which he looked forward. It must be confessed however that when they had journeyed about half a mile farther, the long legs of the attenuated Jehiel began to fail him, and he inquired with some tokens of anxiety if the damsel had'nt got pretty near home; and his soul was comforted with the assurance that they'd stop at the next corner. The next corner was soon reached, and like most of the corners in this ancient and fish-like city, proved to be a grocery store into which the feminine woman entered, requesting her very obliging attendant to wait half a minute—which he accordingly did. But little more than the appointed time had elapsed, when she returned with a stout broad shouldered companion of the masculine gender, into whose custody she very coolly transferred the unpleasant lading of the bewildered Jehiel, with the comforting information that "her man (*anglice* husband) would look arter her now; that she was under particular obligations to the young man for his attention, and that he'd better make tracks towards hum as fast as he could, because it wur getting latish"; and this was all the sagacious Jehiel W. Pettibone got in exchange for a spoiled glove, a night's work, and the expense of an extra wash for his best inexpressibles.

[The following paragraph *should* have been appended to the Poetry signed DELTA, on the first page; but our d—l hadn't his wits about him when he was making up the form, and so here it is, where it ought not to be, like the Dutchman's anchor.]

We are indebted for the above to a polite and talented friend, who like many hundreds more of our Citizens, knew the kind-hearted but eccentric sportsman well. The allusions contained in the verses, refer to certain well known anecdotes and peculiarities of the deceased, who used to state himself to be the heir to a French Marquisate:—he was an excellent shot at birds, but not at Billiards, though possessed of a good-humored vanity of his skill at both. The fact alluded to in the last stanza but one, showed how powerfully his mind even to the last moment dwelt upon his favorite sports, and that the first object of his life, was still the subject of his latest thoughts. To very few was he better known than to the writer of the above lines, and none were more capable of appreciating his excellence as a sportsman, or his worth as a man.

Various of our city subscribers, keepers of hotels and other places of public resort, come to us now and then with complaints that they can't keep the paper for the life of them: they say that the Traveller has a most unaccountable faculty of making itself scarce, and do what they will, they find its place vacant upon their files within an hour or two of its advent. Now whether this vagrant propensity of our hebdomadal is to be fairly ascribed to any erratic tastes of its own, or to its popularity with the light-fingered gentry, we are at a loss to determine. If the former we are at a loss for a remedy; we might, it is true, put a little more lead in it, but we have an aversion to dullness, and the mails already groan under the weight of our packages. If the last of our two alternatives is the cause of the evasions complained of, we entreat the abstractors to bear it in mind that nothing is more unfair and improper than to read without paying; and we adjure them for the sake of those whom they despoil, for our own, and for the welfare of their immortal souls to abstain from "picking and stealing" a paper as well as a purse; 'tis monstrous enough to borrow, but to take without asking—oh horrible! horrible!—Besides it is so easy and pleasant a thing to subscribe. It calms the soul, quiets the conscience, soothes the nerves, enlightens the understanding, and cools the blood of the subscriber; and more than all this, it rejoices the heart of the publisher. Congress water as a medicament cannot compare with it; and it refreshes the languid frame like a warm bath, followed up by an ice cream and a segar.

A sensible Correspondent.—We received a few days ago a letter from one of our country subscribers enclosing the amount of his bill, and concluding with these words: "my motto is pay the printer." We have a respect for the man who professes such principles, and honor his judgment and taste in the choice of a motto.

Our friend Brown of the Bath House, again, and the heat, dust, and the thousand other ills to which our city is exposed—offers the inducement of his establishment to the invalid, and the way-farer. For the enjoyment of sea air and delightful bathing, his house has no parallel—this added to the kind and gentlemanly attention of mine host renders it a most desirable resort.

THE STATE PRISON AT AUBURN.

The following excellent description of the State Prison at Auburn is taken from the book of a recent English traveller through the United States, just published in London.

The prison is situated on the outskirts of the village, surrounded by a wall 2000 feet in extent, varying in height from 20 to 35 feet according to the situation of the shops in which the convicts are employed. The cells where they are confined during the night, have a singular appearance (something like a large pigeon box, or honey comb,) being in five stories, with galleries, and the windows in an outer wall at the distance of five or six feet from them, so that no convict can attempt an escape through their medium. It is, in fact, a house within a house. Each prisoner has a separate cell 7 feet in length, 7 in height by 3 1-2 in width, with a small shelf for holding his Bible, and a canvass cot which in the day time is reared up against the wall, and when lowered down at night, rests upon a small ledge and covers the whole extent of the cell. A strong grated door admits a free circulation of air, and the works of the lock are so contrived as to be two feet from the door, and entirely out of the convict's reach, if he even succeeded in breaking one of the iron bars so as to admit a passage for his arm. A Keeper always patrolling the galleries during the night with cloth shoes, acts as a check upon the prisoner's holding any discourse. The building was perfectly clean and free from that tainted atmosphere which generally pervades a prison, the cells being whitewashed once a fortnight as a preventive against the cholera, though when there is no necessity for such a precaution, they are thus cleansed only from five to six times during the warm season. From the cells we proceeded into an open square formed by the Keeper's house, prisoners apartments and workshops where a part of the convicts were employed in stone cutting and making an addition to the building of another 5 story row of cells, to be erected in the place of a wing constructed upon the old principle of confining a certain number of prisoners in one large room, by which means they had free intercourse with each another, a system found very injurious to their reformation. It was almost impossible to imagine ourselves in a prison among a set of hardened desperadoes, when walking through the shops where they were working with an alacrity and attention to their business which were truly surprising. Every trade has its own particular shop with one keeper as a superintendent; and here the good effects of discipline are seen. In the blacksmith's shops for instance, were 40 or 50 athletic men wielding their sledge hammers with the power of the Cyclops of old, and all armed with weapons which in one minute could shiver the strongest barrier to atoms; yet only one superintendent was with them, sitting at his ease upon a chair; and not any instance is upon record of an attempt at making a forcible escape. The prisoners are not allowed upon any pretence to speak to each other, and only on business to a turnkey, who can easily observe if any conversation takes place, as they are generally placed with their faces in the same direction. The weavers were the most numerous body, there being nearly 100 sitting at their looms in a row, and 40 tailors whose occupation is considered the most unhealthy from the position requisite for the performance of their work. They are not permitted to look at any stranger who enters the room, but I observed several squinting at us out of the corner of their eye when the keeper's back was turned. The most superior specimens of workmanship of every description, are turned out of these shops, and are contracted for by merchants and storekeepers residing at Auburn.

The contractors are not even permitted to give any orders to the workmen, and any instructions they wish to give are through the mechanic turnkey who superintends each shop. In any instance where the latter may not be acquainted with the trade, the contractor may give the former any directions in his presence. The looms, jinnies, tools, &c. appeared throughout the prison in the highest order, and business was carried on in each shop in a more workmanlike style than without the walls. The morning work commences at 6 o'clock in summer, breakfast between 7 and 8, dinner at 12 (half an hour being allowed for each) and the labors of the day cease at 6 in the evening. The prisoners being formed into as many companies as there are galleries of cells, are marched to them with the lock step in the most orderly manner, each man inclining his face towards the keepers who accompany them, so that he may be observed if he attempt to speak: as he passes through the mess room adjoining the kitchen, he stoops slightly and taking up his supper without breaking the line of march, enters his cell for the night, and is locked in by the turnkey of the gallery. The mess room is particularly clean, with platters and tin cans neatly arranged on wooden tables, so narrow that the convicts sit only on one side of them, with their faces in the same direction. They are waited on by some of their fellow-prisoners: and in case any one has more food than he requires, he raises his right hand, when a portion is taken from his plate and given to some one who elevates his left hand in token that he has not enough. The rations are ample being 10 oz. of wheat, 10 oz. of indian meal, 14 oz. of beef or 12 oz. of pork; with 2 1-2 bushels of potatoes to every 100 rations, and half a gill of molasses per man which is added to the mush, a kind of hasty pudding made of indian meal and boiled in coppers. The cooks were employed on this article of food when we visited the kitchen. I tasted some and should imagine it to be very wholesome and nutritious. The Bread was heavy and sad, but of a good flavor. If a convict is unruly, or discovered speaking, he receives summary punishment by having a certain number of stripes with a cane on his back. Such a measure is however but seldom required. A false wall or passage round each room with slits at intervals, through which a keeper may look unperceived, and where he stations himself if he suspects a convict, acts as an excellent check upon conversation. I peeped through them into various shops, and the prisoners were busily employed in dead silence when the keeper was at the distance of 100 feet. The work appears to conduce much to their health, there being only six in the hospital out of 967 prisoners, and a few days before there was not a single patient—Visitors are not admitted either into the hospital which is in an upper story of the prison, or into the women's apartments, who are all confined together and work but little, as no compulsion could be used towards them, and as to talking, all the art of man could avail nothing for its prevention. Altogether the prison is a most interesting sight and should be visited by all travellers. A considerable revenue now arises from it to the state, so that convicts instead of being an expense as formerly, are here a profit. Many who enter without any trade are taught one, by which when released they may gain an honest and ample livelihood; and numbers who have been sent into the world again, have thoroughly reformed their vicious habits.

TO THE MEMORY OF EDMUND KEAN.

Peace to his hallowed Manes! around his bier
Let Genius shed 'th consecrating tear.
Mourn him, all ye who honor Shakspeare's page,
For he, the *constellation* of our stage
Hath closed—for ever closed the Drama here
With words, prophetic words upon mine ear;
They vibrate yet, in cadence deep alone—
"Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone."

For the Traveller & Times.

A SPORTSMAN'S CHRONICLES.

MR. EDITOR—Amongst my sporting acquaintance I hold in particular estimation two singular beings, probably because they afford me more amusement and frequently create more of that kind of excitement which a naturally taciturn and shy observer of men and manners covets with secret and indefinable avidity. They are both sportsmen of considerable skill and notoriety—dexterous shots, deeply versed in the mysteries of dogs, guns, game and all their appurtenances, full of anecdote historical, legendary, traditional and inventive, brim full of personal banter, whim, quibble, joke and repartee; well read in books and still better read in men—keen inquisitors where striking points of character are exhibited, especially if these are such as would induce the hand of a Gall or a Spurzheim to tremble in some Newgate phrenological survey, and shrewd guessers at every species of sly circumventive artifice—men not easily gulled with the specious flams or humbuggeries of that class of prowling miscreants who love rather to lie in ambush for unsuspecting half fledged *middlings* than to traverse the rugged stubbles of ordinary life for such sustenance as a man may eat without blushing at a tavern door—but these two being, Mr. Editor are in many respects decidedly unlike each other—the one is rich, *honestly* rich—the other poor because he is honest; the former ranks with the highest in name as well as wealth—but consorts more with the latter from congeniality of spirit: the latter never cowers beneath the glance of the mightiest, because of his poverty, nor would he stoop to gain access to a vault if he knew that he should find the lamp of Aladdin there and have it for asking for. Now I am just enough of a sportsman myself to understand and to relish their discourses amongst their companions and acquaintance, and just enough in credit with them to be permitted to sit and laugh at their sallies of pleasantry, and sometimes to throw in a little fag-end of nonsense to keep the spirit of fun in circulation. I have now and then the audacity (when much exhilarated with their joyous revelry) to perpetrate a lame joke or a faint-hearted quibble, which of course makes me the immediate butt of all the rattling volleys of the sharp shooting fraternity, but as I have great habitual command of my temper and am universally deemed a perfectly defenceless, harmless kind of animal, I find that they never push me to extremities nor wish to chase and buffet me out of my little nestling corner of companionship. I like them and they endure me. I often bless them in the fulness of that bland felicity that springs by sympathy from their full-toned and garrulous hilarity, and though I cannot but feel myself frequently an intruder and a cumberer of the ground in the midst of many of their serious and shrewd disquisitions, yet I cannot rest long if I absent myself from the quiet nook that habit has made dear to me. It is true, I often double and double like the timid hare in my approaches to the accustomed haunt, and pause and falter on the very threshold of their resort; yet the evening lamp and the daily journal seldom miss me.

I have thought it necessary to be thus particular with regard to myself in order that you may comprehend my means of observation and know how to appreciate some of its results. You, Mr. Editor, are more competent than I to put a right value on my remarks, for few are able rightly to estimate their own talents, and I apprehend a subdued animal like myself least of all.

But to return to my two friends. I beg to introduce them to you Mr. Editor by name. I hate ceremony, but this is Mr. Quickset, a rich bachelor; and that Mr. Babblewit, an honest roystering sportsman, a learned pundit and arch chancellor of fun.

Mr. Quickset is a scholar of no mean attainments, but shrouds his learning under a leering, quizzical affectation of ignorance—he hates all display of scholarship unless it be purely accidental, and the natural consequence of some sensible argument or dispute. He is sufficiently versed in the classics to construe any common quotation and to understand any unusual word or phrase although he always affects to have forgotten all his Greek and Latin, and has often been betrayed into an indirect acknowledgment of his familiar acquaintance with French, on being suddenly asked a question in that language, which he has inadvertently answered as it were by instinct,—he has frequently started from his seat when the trick has been played upon him, pretending to have some business, and mostly returns with some wildering tissue of nonsense in his mouth, couched in the uncouth phraseology of some babbling Dutchman or unlettered dolt.

Mr. Babblewit has just the same contempt for pedantry—but discovers that contempt in quite a different way. If a pedant chance like some sable cloud

"To turn his silver lining on the night,"

he summons echo with such a fanfarronade of learned jargon as would rouse a dozen lurking Comuses with their wands to chain the pedant's nerves in alabaster. And we betide the simpleton who has so far o'erstepped the modesty of nature as to thrust the bald-headed conceit of his own learned excellence into such an unpretending conclave (unless he join the common laugh at his own folly) so small is his chance of quiet and unpuzzled enjoyment—such a discharge of antiquated aphorisms, of proverbs, scraps of Latin, Greek and Indian, speeches of cocombs—laugh, rattle and rhodomontade are poured out, first from one and then another of the giggling company, as would make Dominie Sampson himself stand stock-still with "each individual hair erect, like quills upon the fretted porcupine." I have now Mr. Editor given you a sketch of two of my choice friends—I will next lift the curtain and show you a few more of a different cast, and subsequently, if you wish it, and think that their doings in concert may be amusing or instructive, set them in dramatic motion.

I want to plague both my friends, in order to set them agoing, as the boy twirls the top with his fingers before he applies the lash. I shall therefore bid you good-bye for the present with a bit of Latin. Magni refert quibuscum vixeris.

FLASH.

BEAUTIFUL MATS FOR HOUSES OR CARRIAGES.

A couple of specimens of these very superior articles have been sent to us from Philadelphia and are by much the most elegant, as well as the cheapest that we have ever met with. They are manufactured from the very best Manilla hemp, and their pattern and colours are extremely brilliant and tasteful.

None of our fair housewives whose beautiful carpets suffer so much by neglect, can fail to share in Queen Bess's abhorrence of "dirty boots," which too frequently make their appearance even in the drawing room. Mats are good remedies when manners fail,—and these are both useful and highly ornamental.

We can thoroughly recommend them, and refer our readers to the manufacturers of these really elegant articles, whose advertisement will be found on our third page.

A gentleman, lately from Petersburgh, Va. assures us that the weather in New York, is much more close and oppressive than it had been during any part of the summer, in his quarter of the south. During the meridian of the hottest day in Petersburgh, he had not observed the mercury in the thermometer, to rise higher than 92. We have had it over 96 in New York.

PIGEON MATCH

The great Match for $500 a side, which has for weeks past created a considerable interest in the minds of the sporting community, came off on Tuesday last, at the Red House pleasure grounds. A great number of spectators assembled at the hour appointed, and continued to arrive even to the end of the match, and large sums of money changed hands on the result. Both gentlemen are first rate shots, but though each had many confident friends on the ground, we think Mr. B. was generally the favorite

The following is the exact account of the shooting

Mr. T.	x x o o x o o x o o x o o. o x o o. x
Mr. B.	x o. x x o. o o x x x x x x x x x x

(Those marked with a dot fell out of bounds.)

Eighteen birds were shot at on each side, but Mr. T. having lost 11, and Mr. B. only 4, it finished the match, as the remaining 7 birds could not enable Mr. T. to win.

Mr. B. was of course, declared the winner of the match, which afforded much interest to all on the ground.

TOM SMITH.

IT'S ALL MY EYE AND TOMMY.

Tom Smith—he kept a black smith's shop
Close by Banks'side, but drank
'Till he lost house and home, and then
He forged upon the Bank.

One day as he was blowing up
His fire, it struck his mind
To draw a *draft*, and by that way
He thought to *raise the wind*.

Says he, "to strike while the iron's hot
"Is best, with me 'tis neck
"Or nothing, now." He little thought
How soon he'd have a *check*.

Tom took a boat, and started off,—
That is, the boat took him;
And as he cross'd the stream, he thought
"With me 'tis sink or swim.

"If they should pay it—what a *treat*,
"If not, *retreat* I must;
"So, if a *dust they don't kick up*,
"They'll *come down with the dust*."

Tom at the Bank the cheque presents;
The clerks begin to grin;
And then, instead of getting *notes*,
He found they *noted him*.

"A Forgery" salutes his ear,
From all of them at last.
"Your cheque is *forged*," said they, "but you
"Are sure of being *cast*."

To *Cope*, the *marshal*, he's consigned;
Tom tried to break away,
But found he could not *cope* with those
There *marshal'd* in array.

With six offenders he was chain'd,
And *fastened* side by side,
He dream't not, when he cross'd the stream,
Of going with the *tied*.

Poor Tom was tried, and guilty found—
'Twas then he gasped for breath;
To prove his *writing*—one they found,
His own *hand* caused his death.

The judge told Tom, "He must be hung,
"And to prepare in time;"
So though he did not get the *note*,
He was favored with a *line*.

And Tom was hung. Now let me quote
Byron, to end my song;—
For—"Tom's no more"—His Lordship wrote.
"And so, no more of Tom."

Reported for the Traveller and Times.

COMMON PLEAS.

BEFORE JUEGE IRVING.

James Findley, }
vs. }
John Armstrong. }

This was an action for assault and battery in which the Plaintiff claimed damages to the amount of *one Thousand Dollars for sundry blows*, alleged to have been inflicted on his person by the defendant, on the Harlæm trotting Course in June 1832.—It appeared from the statement of witnesses, that the parties at issue, were present at a trotting match, between Mr. Wrenville's *crack* Horse, and the celebrated "*Going One*," belonging to Mr. Janeway. The defendant (who is usually distinguished by the appellative title of "General,' and who is well known in the Sporting World as a skillful and accomplished "*Whip*," drove, on the occasion referred to, the successful hero of the race. The Plaintiff had *speculated* largely against the winning horse, and this circumstance, in conjunction with his being, in some measure *in bacchi plenus*, influenced him to hail the "*General*," on his nearing the contested Goal—not with gratulations "loud and loud"—but in language sufficiently violent and indecorous to warrant communications of its import to be speedily carried to the "laurelled victor" of the day. *Mister* Findley not content with cursing his "*unlucky stars*," ventured to "let slip" the epithets of scoundrel, villain, cheat, and puppy, with the prefixture, of course, of a *fashionable* oath to each of the *gentlemanly* maledictions. The "General" at no time disposed to accept of abuse with impunity—was now less than ever inclined to receive it without *exchange*, and consequently took the earliest opportunity to *acknowledge* the *polite* remarks of the *mild* and *complacent* Mr. F. The *greeting* was boisterous, and attracted the attention of the "Turf men," who assembled in "vast concourse" around the belligerent parties, expecting to witness *instanter* a regular "set-to." Their "high hopes," however, were destined to disappointment; the scene which, a moment before, promised the wished for *entertainment* of a fight, terminated in *merely* a paltry, common scuffle, during which the Plaintiff lost his *Helmet*, alias his *castor*, and suffered, as he declared, the *indignity* of a blow. Mr. F. unwilling to risk further affront, chose rather to appeal to the *brief* authorities of the law, than seek the *auri sacra-fames* by a counter attack upon his renowned military foe, or by *speculating* on the chances of an engagement with so redoubted a "*General*."

The testimony on both sides was contradictory—the Plaintiff's evidence swearing that the "General" struck him,—and the witnesses for the defendant deposing that no such occurrence took place.

At the time of the dispute, the Plaintiff denied having uttered any expressions calculated to excite the ire, or animosity of the "General," and offered him any satisfaction that he might deem necessary, if he would call at his (the Plaintiff's) house. The General angrily rejected his overture, telling Mr. Findley—that he was beneath his notice, and an unfit associate for a General of his *rank*, *popularity*, and *prowess*. Poor Mr. F. thus left in the lurch,—a helpless, hatless, man—had no other method of obtaining redress than to appeal to twelve honest jurors, and relate to them the sad tale of his most grievous punishment and wrongs. Unfortunately for the Plaintiff he was unable to prove clearly and satisfactorily the commission of the assault complained of, and the auspices of the civil action seemed now to be as doubtful and unfavorable, as was the termination of the *war* on the Harlæm Race Course.

After a brief charge from the learned Judge, and a recapitulation of the testimony, the Jury retired for a few minutes, and subsequently brought in a verdict *for the Defendant*. P. & L.

TALK ABOUT TOWN.

AND OTHER MATTERS OF IMPORTANCE.

There is none worth recording now a days, people having completely worn themselves out on Gen. Jackson, Black Hawk, and the Sea Serpent. Indeed, so far has this been the case, that we are informed on very responsible authority, that no less than five hundred individuals of this city, chiefly ladies, were last week afflicted with the lock jaw.—We are happy in being able to state, however, that with the exception of three or four cases, they are all in a state of convalescence; though, to be sure, a married man, a neighbor of ours, whose better half was among the stricken, appears to be any thing but pleased at our congratulations on their recovery.

A MATTER OF DOUBT.

The weather was so extremely warm on last Thursday, that a young gentleman, who fell asleep on one of the forms on the Battery, had a silver Lepine watch *melted* to a *noncentity* in his waistcoat pocket. A certain person who was present at this curious affair, and who is very fond of traducing his neighbors, seemed to think that though appearances might go against the *sun of light*, the business might have been done just as well by one of the *sons of darkness*.

MILITARY TACTICS.

The ladies were so captivated with the guns, and feathers, of a certain dashing company, recently on a visit to our city, that we are informed, though unfortunately we cannot put much faith in our authority (*he being an Editor*) that three or four blooming young spinsters, from the vicinity of the Park, have absolutely "packed up their tatters, and followed the drum!"

A NOVEL SPECULATION.

Two to one, will kill a man,
But four to one's the devil.
Old song.

By a late census, there are at present in the town of Lowell, Massachusetts, an average of four spinsters to one bachelor. We are credibly informed, that the unfortunate single gentlemen of that place, are obliged to make themselves as scarce as possible upon Sundays, and other factory holydays, lest the ladies should cut them up into shares, for it is nothing unusual to see four of them, tugging at one unfortunate wretch, until it is a matter of some surprise among the spectators how he can keep so long together. We also hear that a certain Jew from thence, is now very busy in this city, making a rather extensive speculation in cats, of both sexes, for that market, expecting, no doubt, to turn their future generations to some account, in supplying the fair of Lowell, with pussy's a piece, as they become old maids.

A PALPABLE TRUTH.

Most singular to relate, on last Monday, a certain Editor *down east*, perpetrated an authentic, at least the greater part of an authentic sentence. This unnatural curiosity appeared before us in the following lucid and definite character. "I am an Ass!!!" From what went before, we presume the gentleman intended to add—ignee, (*assignee*) but no doubt the recording angel of matters of fact, stopped him short at the most veritable point, and it is likely, that the whole villainous tribe of compositors, printer's devils, and proof-readers, joined in the plot—determined, no doubt, that the manufacturer of items, should have the full benefit of the first true sentence he was ever guilty of, in the course of a long life.

ANECDOTE.

A long sided vagabond who had a greater relish for whiskey than hard work, happened to fall in with a farmer at an opportune moment when laborers were excessively scarce, and soon struck up a bargain with him: he to receive a quarter, a dinner, and a pint of whiskey, and in exchange to hoe up a certain field of potatoes. Unluckily for the farmer he was prevailed on to administer the drink in advance, and the natural consequence was that when he came to the field in the afternoon he found his potatoes unhoed and his laborer rather more

NEW-YORK TRAVELLER, SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

THE DRAMA.

The heat of the weather, and the luxury of the evening breeze in the suburbs, have kept us away from the Theatres, lately, much more than is our wish, or our wont, but on two or three occasions when we have been there, we have had ample recompense. Our old friend "Victorine" has been re-produced, and with one exception, is now acted as charmingly as ever. Mr. Simpson re-appeared in his part of M. Alexandre, which he acted, as he always did, in a manner that marked him as an Actor of the first order in a certain line of characters. We know of no one here or elsewhere who could play this part half so well as Mr. Simpson.

Mr. Placide was the Mr. Bonassus as before, and kept up the character of the piece as being one of the best acted, and most exciting Dramas that has been seen for years. Blaize was greatly improved in effect by being transferred to Mr. Fisher who infused into it more whim and fun than any of his predecessors. Of the Ladies it is impossible to speak too highly. Mrs. Sharpe's "Victorine," Mrs. Vernon's "Eliza," and Mrs. Wheatley's "Mrs. Bonassus" were all that could be wished.

Bowery.

"Mazeppa," with all its gorgeous array of scenery, battles and break neck riding, was produced here on Monday last. In defiance of the hot weather a very full audience assembled to witness it, as if to prove that where the attraction is equivalent neither thunder nor themometers will empty the house. The piece is remarkably well got up,—the immense capabilities of the large stage which this house possesses were brought into full display —and the mountain passes, up and down which the fearless horseman dashed at full speed,—were displayed with a frightful appearance of reality. Mr. Gale who played the hero of the piece, is an excellent melo dramatic Actor. His attitudes are graceful and bold,—his action extremely forcible,—and his person and manner possess all the requisites for these heroes of show and noise. Independent of his own good acting, great praise is due to him for the manner in which he has got the piece up,—his management of the stage effects—and the continued bustle and action in which he kept all the parties employed on the stage, show his entire competency to conduct the stage arrangements of these complicated Pageants. His horse wants more training, and though as docile as a spaniel when erect, has no notion of lying still when his rider is up and doing. Mr. Gale shows himself a fearless horseman by galloping up and down those vast platforms while strapped along his back, without power to move or save himself. The piece altogether is very cleverly done, and deserves to draw the good houses that nightly attend its performance.

NIBLOS GARDEN.

In the dearth of attraction and fresh air at the theatres, the hearts of the melting citizens have been refreshed during the week, with a nightly succession of exquisite novelties at the sweet little morsel of fairy land in which he of the sparkling eye, and the joyous laugh, and the merry jest; the captain of all caterers and the prince of providers of good things; the unrivalled NIBLO in short, has contrived to assemble a taste of every thing that is pretty and pleasing; and into which no man can enter without leaving his troubles in charge of the gatekeeper just at the outside, and giving himself up, body and soul to the enjoyment of "pastime and prodigality." We have had fireworks of uncommon splendor, and a Ventriloquist of very sufficient skill, not to mention cool breezes, sweet flowers, clean walks and unimpeachable ice-creams. But the gem of the week has been a concert given on Thursday night by a Signor Cambeses from Brazil, whose misfortune it has been, as we learn, to encounter much trouble and grievous losses through his adherence to the cause of Don Pedro. Be that as it may however, we can bear testimony to the brilliancy of his flute-playing; and so can some hundreds who like us enjoyed the rich musical treat provided for them on Thursday. The concert commenced with a grand symphony by the full orchestra, consisting of Signor Cambeses, the two Schmidts, Mr. Klussman, Monsieur Hutet, Mr. C. Heidleberg, and the superb Casolani. This *was* music; and before we had listened to five bars, we rejoiced at the accident that had procured for us such an enjoyment—Then came a solo upon the flute of most inconceivably rapid and accurate execution—After this a solo on the piano by Mr. Heidleberg, and if there was any difference this was the most perfect of the performances; not merely for its rapidity and masterly management of the left hand, but for the soul, the feeling of the performer, and the exquisite light and shade (to borrow a phrase from a sister art), of his playing—Mons. Hutet played two airs on the violincello, piano accompaniment, the first of which was exceedingly lovely; then Mr. V. Schmidt gave a fantasia on his harp guitar, which we were too far distant to hear, but which seemed to delight those who were more fortunate; and the first part concluded with a series of variations on the violin by an amateur, who might very justly call himself a professor.

In the second part, there were three very choice bits: a clarionet solo by Mr. Klussman, one on the double bass by Signor Casolani, and a collection of Paganini-like variations on the violin by Mr. H. Schmidt, which brought out thunders of applause (as the play-bills say) from the audience. The staccato movement at the close was exceedingly curious, and to us entirely novel: but we suspect that the air played in the tenor, was a greater triumph of skill.

It is to be hoped that the concert will be repeated; it is really quite refreshing to listen to such performers, every one of whom is at once seen to be the master of his instrument—As for Mr. Heidleberg, we should like nothing better than to keep him shut up in a room with a piano, and have him play to us about nine hours out of the twenty four.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why does Majesty resemble a Miss in her teens?

Because it's *becoming* a woman.

Why does an Auctioneer like the looks of a cross looking man?

Because they're *for-bidd'ing*.

Why is a Cabinet maker's shop like a pigeon-house?

Because it's full of *dove-tails*.

Why are wagers like duck's eggs?

Because they're *laid*.

Why is an economical cook like a dandy tight-laced.

Because he's a fellow of little *waist* (waste.)

Why is a lady in love with a King's son like an amateur of engravings?

Because she's fond of the Prince—(prints.)

Why is the act of reasoning like Arabia?

Because it's a *racey-horsey-nation*! (ratiocination)

It was stated before the determination of our late races that a match had been made between "Midas" by Eclipse out of Medoc's dam, and a southern nag named "Joseph" by Sir Charles out of Betsey Robinson. Mr. Botts is stated to have given $500 to have this match run over the Union Course and it will take place at the ensuing Fall Races.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

By the packet ships Sully and Virginian, Havre papers of the 5th, London of the 7th, and Liverpool of the 8th June, have been received.

The intelligence from England is of an interesting character. On the 3d of June, a motion made by the Duke of Wellington in the House of Lords for an address to the King, praying him to observe a strict neutrality between the contending parties in Portugal, was adopted by a vote of 92 to 68. The King's reply to this address is given below. On the 6th of June, with the view of counteracting the effect of this proceeding, an address to the King was moved in the House of Commons, expressing regret at the protracted hostilities in Portugal, and at the same time thanking his Majesty for the judicious policy he had pursued with respect to the affairs of that country, and after a long and interesting debate was adopted, by a majority of 263: 361 voting in favor of the motion, and 98 against it. In the course of this debate, Lord Palmerston declared, that so long as they retain their places, the Ministers will not depart from the policy they have hitherto pursued.

On the 3d of June, the discussion respecting Colonial Slavery was resumed in the House of Commons. It was commenced by Mr. O'Connell, who urged the necessity of an immediate and complete emancipation. Lord Sandon said, that the West India proprietors were willing to adopt the resolution of Mr. Stanley, declaring that an effectual and entire abolition of slavery ought to be effected, but that they were entitled to a larger compensation than it was proposed to give; and their cordial co-operation could only be secured by a compensation amounting to £20,000,000, and a loan, not exceeding £10,000,000, to relieve them from their present embarrassment. The Chancellor of the Exchequer observed, that he thought £15,000,000 an adequate compensation, but should not insist on limiting the grant to that precise amount. Mr. Stanley congratulated the country, that the decree of abolition had gone effectually forth, and that the question was now reduced to one of pounds, shillings and pence. Lord Sandon would not at that time press his amendment. The first resolution of Mr. Stanley was then agreed to without a division, and the farther discussion of the subject was postponed until the Tuesday following.

On the 31st of May, Lord Althorp proposed in the House of Commons a series of resolutions relating to the charter of the Bank of England, which were ordered to be printed, but no question upon them was taken.

A serious insurrection took place at Cork in Ireland, in consequence of an attempt to collect tithes, which was resisted by the people. They were fired upon by the soldiers, without any intention to injure them, and in the conflict, one of the soldiers was killed, whether accidentally, or by the insurgents, was not ascertained.

In consequence of the ratification of the preliminary treaty between England, France and Holland, the combined squadron has separated, and the French ships have returned to Cherbourg. Notwithstanding the withdrawing of the embargo, the owners of the Dutch vessels in England had not availed themselves of the privilege of departure, owing to the exorbitant charges made by the officers of the Marshal of the Admiralty for the return of their papers.

There is nothing important from France. A disturbance broke out at Amiens on 23d of May, the people having resisted an order issued by the Archbishop for the removal of the rector. The National Guards were at first overcome, but finally secured the ringleaders.

The extensive spinning mills of M. Joly, at St. Quentin, were destroyed by fire on the 27th May. The Duke de Rovigo died of a cancer in the throat immediately after his return from Algiers. Sir Stratford Canning has arrived at Paris, on his return from Spain to England.

Accounts from Portugal are less favorable to the prospects of Don Pedro than those previously received: but the character of all of them probably depends on the prejudices of the authorities from which they are derived. Don Carlos and his family had taken passage in a British frigate for Civita Vecchia, in order to avoid the Cholera, which was spreading in Portugal. The treatment of the liberals at Madrid is represented as very severe. A general order has been issued for the expulsion of the non-military emigrants from that city.

Some insurrectionary movements have taken place in Italy and Germany. At the fete of Hambach in Germany, the people were attacked by the troops and five persons were killed. The most marked symptoms of discontent existed at Avignon and Grenoble; and it was believed, that an extensive plan of operations had been concerted, for a general insurrection throughout Piedmont.

It was announced by a telegraphic despatch from Toulon, that the Viceroy of Egypt had ordered Ibrahim Pacha, on the 9th of May, to retire behind the Taurus. The revolt against the authority of the Sultan had become general throughout Albania.—The Ottoman troops had been driven from all their posts in Bosnia, and various other districts were in open rebellion.

Thursday, June 26.—His Majesty's Answer to the Lords' Address.

All the ministers being in their places, the Marquis of Wellesley (who was attired in the Windsor uniform, bearing a white wand) on the Lord Chancellor taking his seat, appeared at the table, and said. My Lords—(cries of hats off) I have the honor to lay before your Lordships his Majesty's most gracious Answer to the Address agreed to by your Lordships on the 3d of June inst. The noble Marquis then read the following Answer:—

My Lords—I have already taken all such measures as appear to me to be necessary for maintaining that neutrality which I had determined on in the contest now carrying on in Portugal.

WILLIAM REX.

This short and pithy answer was received with the utmost silence, in a house quite as full as the one that voted the Address. The King's reply appeared to create a strong sensation.

Still Later. On Thursday evening the Packet Ship President, Captain Moore, arrived from London, bringing papers to the 14th of June. The intelligence received by this arrival is not very important in matters of fact, but leads to the belief that something will happen before long, that shall be worth talking about. The West India Emancipation Bill was slowly proceeding through the House of Commons, some alterations having been made in the ministerial plan. This bill is a concession to the Evangelical party, which has lately become somewhat powerful, and which the ministry, owing to its own weakness and the vigorous efforts of the Conservatives, is obliged to conciliate.

The Tithes Act for Ireland gave rise to an interesting debate on the present state of that country.—It was admitted on all hands that the attempts to enforce the payments of tithes had been the sole cause of the late disturbances here. The plan of the Government, as stated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with regard to the tithes in arrear, is to stop their exaction, to grant a sum of money to the clergy in lieu thereof, which is to be repaid to the Government by a tax upon the land liable to the payment of tithes, but which have not been paid.—This will shift the burthen from the tenant to the landlord.

Mr. O'Connell has given notice of a motion for a repeal of the Union. It is to the following effect:—"That on the very earliest day possible in the next session he should move a resolution declaratory of the means by which the destruction of the Irish Parliament was effected—of the miseries which the measure called the legislative union has produced in Ireland—of the evils which it has inflicted on the agricultural laborers and manufacturers in England—of the accumulating pressure of the poor laws which it has created in England, and of the inevitable separation of both countries, which must result from continuing the union as at present arranged and acted upon; and also for leave to bring in a bill to render, safe, secure, and permanent, the connexion between Great Britain and Ireland by means of the re-establishment of a domestic legislature in Ireland."

The London Times says "we have strong reason to believe that the Tory Peerage, aided by the Bishops, have determined on another and an immediate attempt to overthrow the Grey Ministry, by defeating the Irish Church Reform Bill, nor do we see how they can fail to succeed, as it is presumed their majority in the upper House will amount to nearly 50. * * * This there is nothing to prevent but such a creation of liberal Peers as we conjecture will not take place under a Ministry so little distinguished for political boldness as the present." If there is any ground for this statement, a crisis in England, of the deepest interest, is not far distant.

The Duchess of Berri has sailed from France; and there is nothing of moment from Portugal.

NEW BOOKS.

Polynesian Researches. Vol. 1. J. & J. Harper.

We had the pleasure of reading this very delightful volume in the London copy, some three or four weeks ago. It contains the results of a close and accurate observation during a ten years' residence in several of the Society Islands, where the author, the Rev. Wm. Ellis, was during that period engaged as a missionary. From the time of their discovery by Capt. Cook, the inhabitants of these beautiful islands have excited a vast deal of interest, which has been kept alive and increased by repeated accounts of their rapid progress in civilization and the arts of the Europeans, and lately by their conversion to Christianity. The work before us is beautifully got up with numerous plates, and will bear a comparison with the English copy, although furnished at one-third of the price. It was published yesterday, but by the courtesy of the publishers, we received a copy in season to make several extracts, which will be found on our first page. Some idea of the value and interest of the work may be formed from the fact that it has gone through four editions in England.

Alphabet of Phrenology. This is a neat little book published by Charles S. Francis, and sold at twenty-five cents. The author deserves credit for his moderation; if his object had been merely to make a book, he might have extended his matter over thrice the number of pages. We have lit le skill in Phrenology, and shall therefore devote the first leisure half hour we have to the perusal of Mr. Judson's Alphabet; if we find any thing bad in it, we will be careful to make our readers aware of the fact.

Scott's Works. Connor and Cook have published another number of their handsome and cheap edition. It contains the whole of the Abbott, and the title page of Kenilworth.

ANIMAL BIOGRAPHY.

The Eel.—Of the migration of young Eels from one part of a river to another, an instance is related by Dr. Anderson, in his publication called the Bee. "Having occasion (says this gentleman) to be once on a visit at a friend's house on the Dee-side, in Aberdeenshire, I often delighted to walk by the banks of the river. I one day observed something like a black string, moving along the edge of the river in shoal water. On closer inspection I discovered that this was a shoal of young Eels, so closely joined together as to appear, at a superficial view, one continued body, moving briskly up against the stream. To avoid the retardation which they experienced from the force of the current, they kept close along the water's edge the whole of the way, following all the bendings and sinuosities of the river. Where they were embayed, and in still water, the shoal dilated in breadth, so as sometimes to be nearly a foot broad; but when they turned a cape, where the current was strong, they were forced to occupy less space, and to press close to the shore, struggling very hard till they passed it.

"This shoal continued to move on, night and day, and without interruption, for seven weeks.—Their progress might be at the rate of about a mile an hour. It was easy to catch the animals, though they were very active and nimble. They were Eels, in every respect perfectly formed, but not exceeding two inches in length. I conceive that the shoal did not contain, on an average, less than from twelve to twenty in breadth; so that the number which passed on the whole, during their progress, must have been very great. Whence they came, or whither they went, I know not. The place where I remarked them at, was six miles from the sea, and I am told that the phenomenon takes place every year, about the same time."

The Black Snake.—The following description of a contest between the Black Snake, and another species, is extracted from Mr. St. John's Letters of an American Farmer: "One of my constant walks when I am at leisure (says this gentleman) is in my lowlands, where I have the pleasure of seeing my cattle, horses and colts. Exuberant grass replenishes all my fields, the best representative of our wealth. In the middle of that tract, I have cut a ditch, eight feet wide. On each side of this I carefully sow every year some grains of hemp, the plants from which rise to the height of fifteen feet, so strong and full of limbs as to resemble young trees. These produce natural arbours, rendered often still more compact by the assistance of an annual creeping plant, which we call a vine, that never fails to entwine itself among the branches, and always produces a very desirable shade. As I was one day sitting, solitary and pensive, in this primitive arbour, my attention was engaged by a strange sort of rustling noise, at some paces distance. I looked all around without distinguishing any thing, until I climbed up one of my great hemp-stalks; when, to my astonishment, I beheld two snakes of considerable length the one pursuing the other with great celerity, through a hemp stubble field. The aggressor was of the black kind, six feet long; the fugitive was a Water Snake, nearly of equal dimensions. They soon met, and, in the fury of their first encounter, appeared in an instant firmly twisted together; and, whilst their united tails beat the ground, they mutually tried with open jaws to lacerate each other. What a fell aspect did they present! Their heads were compressed to a very small size; their eyes flashed fire; and after this contest had lasted about five minutes, the second found means to disengage itself from the first, and hurried towards the ditch. Its antagonist instantly assumed a new posture, and half creeping, half erect, with a majestic mien, overtook and attacked the other again, which placed itself in a similar attitude, and prepared to resist. The scene was uncommon and beautiful, for thus opposed, they fought with their jaws, biting each other with the utmost rage; but notwithstanding this appearance of mutual courage and fury, the water snake still seemed desirous of retreating towards the ditch, its natural element. This was no sooner perceived by the keen-eyed black one, than, twisting its tail twice round a stalk of hemp, and seizing its adversary by the throat, not by means of its jaws, but by twisting its own neck twice round that of the water-snake, he pulled it back from the ditch. To prevent a defeat, the later took hold likewise of a stalk on the bank, and, by the acquisition of that point of resistance, became a match for his fierce antagonist. Strange was this to behold; two great snakes strongly adhering to the ground, mutually fastened together by means of the writhings which lashed them to each other, and stretched at their full length, they pulled, but pulled in vain; and, in the moments of greatest exertion, that part of their bodies which was entwined, seemed extremely small, while the rest appeared inflated, and now and then convulsed with strong undulations, rapidly following each other. Their eyes appeared on fire, and ready to start out of their heads. At one time the conflict seemed decided: the water-snake bent itself into great folds, and by that operation rendered the other more than commonly outstretched: the next minute the new struggles of the black one gained an unexpected superiority, it acquired two great folds likewise, which necessarily extended the body of its adversary, in proportion as it had contracted its own. These efforts were alternate; victory seemed doubtful, inclining sometimes to one side, sometimes to the other; until at last the stalk to which the black snake was fastened, suddenly gave way, and, in consequence of this accident, they both plunged into the ditch. The water did not extinguish their vindictive rage, for by their agitations I could still trace, though I could not distinguish, their attacks. They soon re-appeared on the surface, twisted together, as in their first onset: but the black snake seemed to retain its wonted superiority; for it fixed was exactly fixed above that of the other, which it incessantly pressed down under the water, until its opponent was stifled, and sunk. The victor no sooner perceived its enemy incapable of further resistance, than abandoning it to the current, it returned to the shore and disappeared.

The Tree Frog.—As Captain Stedman was sailing up one of the rivers of Surinam in a canoe, an officer who was with him observed, in the top of a mangrove tree, a battle between a Snake and a Tree-Frog. When the captain first perceived these animals, the head and shoulders of the Frog were in the jaws of the snake, which was about the size of a large kitchen poker. This creature had its tail twisted round a tough limb of a mangrove tree; whilst the Frog, which appeared about the size of a man's fist, had had hold of a twig with his hind feet. In this position they were contending, the one for life, the other for his dinner, forming one straight line between the two branches; and thus they continued for some time, apparently stationary, and without a struggle. Still it was hoped that the frog might extricate himself by his exertions; but the reverse was the case. The jaws of the snake gradually relaxing, and by their elasticity forming an incredible orifice, the body and fore legs of the Frog, by little and little, disappeared, till finally nothing more was seen than the hinder feet and claws, which were at last disengaged from the twig, and the poor creature was swallowed whole by his formidable adversary. He passed some inches down the alimentary canal, and there stuck, forming a knob or enot, at least six times as thick as the snake, whose jaws and throat immediately contracted, and reassumed their former natural shape.

The Goose.—However simple in appearance, or awkward is gesture, the Goose may be, it is not without many marks both of sentiment and understanding. The courage with which it protects its offspring and defends itself against ravenous birds, and certain instances of attachment and even of gratitude, which have been observed in it, render our general contempt of the Goose ill founded.—This I shall confirm be relating an instance of affection, which was communicated to M. de Buffon by a man of veracity and information. The following are nearly his own words:—"There were two Ganders, a gray and a white one, (the latter named *Jaccaud*,) with three females. The males were perpetually contending for the company of these dames. When one or the other prevailed, it assumed the direction of them, and hindered its rival from approaching. He who was the master during the night, would not yield the next morning; and the two gallants fought so furiously, that it was necessary to be speedy in parting them. It happened one day, that being drawn to the bottom of the garden by their cries, I found them with their necks entwined, striking their wings with rapidity and astonishing force; the three females turned round, as wishing to separate them, but without effect: at last the white gander was worsted, overthrown and maltreated by the other. I parted them; happily for the white one, as he would otherwise have lost his life. Then the conqueror began screaming and gabbling, and clapping his wings: and ran to join his mistresses, giving each a noisy salute, to which the three dames replied, ranging themselves at the same time round him. Meantime poor Jacquot was in a pitiable condition; and retiring, sadly vented at a distance his doleful cries. It was several days before he recovered from his dejection; during which time I had sometimes occasion to pass through the court where he strayed. I saw him always thrust out from society; and whenever I passed, he came gabbling to me. One day he approached so near, and showed so much friendship, that I could not help caressing him, by stroking with my hand his back and neck; to which he seemed so sensible, as to follow me into the entrance of the court. Next day, as I again passed, he ran to me, and I gave him the same caresses; with which alone he was not satisfied, but he seemed, by his gestures, to desire that I should introduce him to his mates. I accordingly led him to their quarter; and upon his arrival, he began his vociferations, and directly addressed the three dames, who failed not to answer him. Immediately his late victor sprung upon Jacquot. I left them for a moment; the gray one was always the stronger: I took part with my Jacquot, who was under. I set him over his rival; he was thrown; I set him up again. In this way they fought eleven minutes; and, by the assistance which I gave him, he at last obtained the advantage, and got possession of the three dames. When my friend Jacquot saw himself the master, he would not venture to leave his females, and therefore no longer came to me when I passed: he only gave me at a distance many tokens of friendship, shouting and clapping his wings; but would not quit his companions, lest perhaps, his rival should take possession. Things went on in this way till the breeding season, and he never gabbled to me but at a distance. When his females, however, began to sit, he left them, and redoubled his friendship to me." One day, having followed me as far as the ice-house at the top of the park, the spot where I must necessarily part with him in pursuing my path to a wood at half a league distance, I shut him in the park. He no sooner saw himself separated from me, than he vented strange cries. However, I went on my road; and had advanced about a third of the distance, when the noise of a heavy flight made me turn my head: I saw my Jacquot, only four paces from me. He followed me all the way, partly on foot, partly on wing; getting before me, and stopping at the cross paths to see which way I should take. Our journey lasted from ten o'clock in the morning till eight in the evening; and my companion followed me thro' all the windings of the wood, without seeming to be tired. After this he attended me every where, so as to become troublesome; for I was not able to go to any place without his tracing my steps, so that one day he even came to find me in the church. Another time, as he was passing by the rector's window, he heard me talking in the room; and, as he found the door open, he entered, climbed up stairs, and marching in, gave a loud exclamation of joy to the no small affright of the family.

"I am sorry, in relating such interesting traits of my good and faithful friend Jacquot, when I reflect that it was myself that first dissolved the pleasing connexion; but it was necessary for me to separate him from me by force. Poor Jacquot fancied himself as free in the best apartment as in his own; and after several accidents of this kind, he was shut up, and I saw him no more. His inquietude lasted above a year, and he died from vexation. He was become as dry as a bit of wood, as I am told, for I would not see him: and his death was concealed from me for more than two months after the event. Were I to recount all the friendly incidents between me and poor Jacquot, I should not for several days have done writing. He died in the third year of our friendship, aged seven years and two months."

A seasonable "article," as the drapers say:—and very seasonable, as we think—(it being dog-days)—is the following inquest before the Court of Requests in the city of London, on the sudden and melancholy demise of a "*talented* poodle. The subject may furnish a political reflection, and perhaps furnish a subject of useful speculation for the utilitarians, leading them to inquire, why dogs are holden so dear, where men are dog-cheap? By the way, we think the lives of dogs in this country are holden quite too cheap; and there should be laws against breeding them, rather than such bloody laws for slaying them: we think their numbers are much increased, like the crows of New Hampshire, by the premium offered for their heads: there is no doubt of it; and we think if every dog fancier was obliged to pay a heavy fine, for keeping a dog, instead of receiving a premium for killing him, the dogs would soon all go to the dogs, and we should not have the papers filled during dog-days with the weekly record of dog's deaths. And now for St. John Long.—*Boston Post.*

Court of Requests—London.

The St John Long System.—Edward Buckles was summoned before the Commissioners, by Mr. Masterson, of Aldgate High street, for the price of a fine poodle dog.

The plaintiff stated that he had given into the care of the defendant, who is a dog doctor and fancier, a very beautiful poodle, for the purpose of making him "frost proof." In about a fortnight, news was brought to him that Prince was dying, and upon inquiry he ascertained that the poor animal had been harnessed between two great mastiffs to a cat's meat waggon, and had sunk under such severe toil. The dog had cost him a guinea, and was in perfect health when it was put into the hands of the defendant, from whom he now sought that amount, and the expenses of the proceeding.

The defendant said that the dog was in a galloping consumption when it came home to him, and did not like the company of the mastiff's and that for the purpose of curing it of a "violent cough, he tackled him to the wagon between the other hanimals, who was very good natred, though they was'nt the same breed, how somdever"—(laughter.)

Plaintiff—they worried the poor brute in a shocking manner.

Defendant—It's no such a thing: I've used them to keep company with all sorts, and they never falls out with none of 'em. They cures the sick hanimals by rubbing 'em into a sweat as they toddles along with the meat—(laughter.)

Commissioner—I suppose you cure upon Dr. Long's principle of scrubbing.

Defendant—I never knowd it to fail yet, barren the hanimal was too far advanced in a hinside mortification, and there is nothing we've found out yet as will serve a dog out with a new lot of bowels, nor a man neither—(laughter.)

Plaintiff—The poor dog was in such a condition that I did'nt know him. I understand that he would lie down in the street and the other dogs used to drag him through the mud.

Defendant—there is nothing serves a dog better nor a tumble in the mud: it takes away all the foolish tenderness out of him. Besides, I told the gentleman afore I took the dog, that I thought he was going bang into tother world.

John Mickles (defendant's feeder) swore that his master cured more dogs than any other man, by the simple process of working them into 'passperations' between his two mastiff's. The mastiff's understood their business perfectly well, and what they had to cure in every sick un; they goed slow, and he was blowed if they did'nt behave themselves to the poor hanimal as was dead and gone like a brother, though 'twas moral impossible they could come of the same father and mother—(great laughing.)

The plaintiff insisted that the dog died of cruel treatment.

Defendant—Open the hanimal. Anatomise his body, and you'll see which on us speaks the truth.

The feeder—The dog as comed to us for to be cured vant fit for no hardship; but, howsomdever, master can sweat the most delicatest of 'em all till they'd eat anything. Now this here dog as died was a poor, unsatisfactory, haggravating sort of an hanimal, as could be brought for to eat no wittles, and every body knows none on us can live upon the hair!—(loud laughter.)

The Commissioners said that they could not decide against the defendant. It appeared that the plaintiff was aware of the doctor's practice, and no proof had been given that any unusual severity had been exercised.—*Morning Herald.*

SALE OF A WIFE BY HER HUSBAND, AT CARLISLE.

On Saturday, the 7th instant, the inhabitants of the above city witnessed the sale of a wife by her husband, Joseph Thompson, who resides in a small village about three miles from Carlisle. He rents a farm of about forty-two, or forty-four acres of land, and was married at Hexham, in the year 1829 to his present wife. She is a sprucey lively,—buxom damsel, apparently not exceeding twenty-two years of age, and appeared to feel a pleasure at the exchange she was about to make. They had no children during their union, and that, together with some family disputes, caused them, by mutual agreement, to come to the resolution of finally parting. Accordingly the bellman was sent round to give public notice of the sale, which was to take place at twelve o'clock. This announcement attracted the notice of thousands. She appeared above the crowd, standing on a large oak chair, surrounded by many of her friends, with a rope or halter made of straw round her neck. She was dressed in rather a fashionable country style,—and appeared to some advantage. The husband, who was also standing in an elevated position near her, proceeded to put her up for sale and spoke nearly as follows:

Gentlemen,—I have to offer to your notice, my wife, Mary Ann Thompson, otherwise Williamson, whom I mean to sell to the highest and fairest bidder. Gentlemen, it is her wish as well as mine to part forever. She has been to me only a bosom serpent. I took her for my comfort and the good of my house, but she has become my tormentor,—a domestic curse, a night invasion, and a daily devil. (great laughter.) Gentlemen, I speak truth from my heart when I say, may God deliver us from troublesome wives and frolicksome widows. (laughter.) Avoid them the same as you would a mad dog, a roaring lion, a loaded pistol, cholera morbus, Mount Etna, or any other pestilential phenomena in nature. Now I have shown you the dark side of my wife, and told you her faults and her failings —I will now introduce the bright and sunny side of her and explain her qualifications and goodness.

She can read novels and milk cows; she can laugh and weep with the same ease that you could take a glass of ale when thirsty: indeed, Gentlemen, she reminds me of what the poet says of women in general—

"Heaven gave to women the peculiar grace,
To laugh, to weep, to cheat the human race."

She can make butter, and scold the maid;—she can sing Moore's melodies, and plait her frills and caps; she cannot make rum, gin, or whiskey,—but she is a good judge of the quality from long experience in tasting them. I therefore offer her perfections and imperfections,—for the sum of fifty shillings.

After an hour or two she was purchased by Henry Mears, a pensioner, for the sum of twenty shillings and a Newfoundland dog. The happy couple immediately left the town together, amidst the shouts and huzzas of the multitude, in which they were joined by Thompson, who with the greatest good humor imaginable, proceeded to put the halter, which his wife had taken off, round the neck of his Newfoundland dog, and then proceeded to the first public house, where he spent the remainder of the day.—*Bell's Life in London.*

Married,

On Thursday evening, 18th July, by Elder S. White, Mr. Robert Sharp to Miss Julia Conklin, all of this city.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. G. Benedict, Mr. Richard Bronson to Miss Mary Sharot, all of this city.

At Christ Church, on Thursday morning, 18th inst. by the Right Rev. Bishop Onderdonk, the Rev. Albert Smedes, Assistant Minister of said church, to Sarah Pierce, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Lyell, D. D.

At Savannah on the 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Preston, the Hon. John Macpherson Berrien, to Eliza Cecil, eldest daughter of Col. James Hunter—all of that city.

At Philadelphia, Lieut. N. S. Harris, of the U. S. Army, to Elizabeth Callender, daughter of J. Andrews, Esq.

Died,

On Friday afternoon, Henry Witherspoon, aged 34 years.

At New Albany, Indiana, at his uncle's on the 6th inst. after a short illness, John B. Moore, son of the late William Moore, of New York.

On Sunday morning, Mary M., daughter of Charles Gascoigne.

On Sunday evening, of inflammation of the brain, Eliza Biddolph, infant daughter of Edward and Mary Gratian.

On Friday afternoon, after a short and severe illness, Elizabeth Guy, only daughter of James Hawkesworth, late of the Island of Barbadoes.

On Friday, Mr. James N. Young, cooper, aged 36 years.

On Friday morning, of bilious fever, Calvin C. Bugbee, of Palmer, Mass. aged 25 years.

On Thursday evening, 18th inst Miss Rachel Ann Ely, aged 24, formerly teacher in the High School.

On Friday morning, after a lingering illness, Mr. John E. Clark, tobacconist, aged 41 years.

On board the schr. Childe Harold, on her passage from Chagres, Capt. James Allen.

In the town of Vetasco, Texas, on he 10th ult. Major General William Arnold, formerly of sea.

BATH HOUSE—LONG ISLAND.

THIS well known establishment, nine miles from the Brooklyn Ferry, is now open for the reception of visitors and boarders. The house is situated on an eminence immediately contiguous to a beautiful sloping beach, and commands a view of the Bay and Atlantic not elsewhere to be met with. For facility and comfort in bathing it is without rival. Three stages are constantly plying between Brooklyn and Bath.

WM. BROWN,
july 27 Im Bath House, L. I

RUG AND MAT MANUFACTORY, 42 Prune street, Philadelphia.—GEORGE J. JONES & CO., in soliciting the patronage of their friends and the public to their newly manufactured article of Rugs and Mats, suitable for hotels, churches, drawing rooms, halls, carriages, gigs, and doors, made to any size or pattern; beg to acquaint them that they can with confidence recommend these articles for durability and ornament to supersede any of a similar kind ever offered for inspection or approbation.

G. J. J. & Co., in addition offer for sale an extra superior article of Cordage, Plough Lines, Bed Cords, and Clothes Lines in any quantity. Coils and Ship Rope made to order.

N. B. A liberal advantage offered to the trade and country merchants. Hemp for sale in large or small quantities to suit purchasers. Orders per post will meet with due attention. july 27

DYOTTVILLE GLASS FACTORIES.—Formerly known as the Philadelphia and Kensington Glass Factories.—This establishment is conducted on the most extensive scale, embracing four distinct Factories which from their location on the River Delaware, in the immediate vicinity of Philadelphia, afford every facility for executing orders with promptness, without being subjected to the previous risk of breaking by land carriage.

With the foregoing advantages, in addition to the recent improvements he has effected in the art of manufacturing glass of the most durable strength and quality, his employment of the most competent workmen in the country, and his being also aided by the assistance of his brother, Mr M. Dyott, under whose personal superintendence the entire establishment is conducted, the subscriber is enabled to produce workmanship of the first quality, either of white Flint, green or black Glass. He can furnish in any quantities, Apothecaries' Patent Medicine and Perfumery Vials and Bottles of every description; Druggists' Shop Furniture, Confectioners' show Bottles, Castor Oil, Wine and Cordial Bottles, Druggists' Packing do; Carboys, Demijohns, Flasks, Mustards, Cayennes, Preserving Jars, Snuff Bottles, &c. &c. of every variety.

Bottles and Vials of every size and pattern made to order at the shortest notice. Particular attention will be given to private moulds as hereto fore. Orders must be addressed to the proprietor.

T. W. DYOTT, Philadelphia.

N. B. Druggists, Country Merchants and Dealers are solicited to call at the corner of Second and Race streets, to examine the ware. Each package of Glass made at the above factories is stamped with the words "DYOTTVILLE GLASS FACTORIES, PHILADELPHIA. july27

JOHN MAGUIN, Importer of Watches, Clocks, Musical Boxes, Materials and Tools for watch makers, &c. &c. No. 22 Wall street, july27

G. L. SLOAN & CO. COACH AND CARRIAGE MAKERS, No. 58 First street. july 27

CASTLE GARDEN.—H. MARSH has the pleasure to inform his friends and the public, that the Garden is now open for the season, and by recent repairs, additions and alterations, it is now one of the most enviable places of the kind in this world: and he pledges himself that no effort within his reach shall be wanting to conduct his Establishment in such a manner as to meet with public approbation. His well known and justly celebrated Band of Martial Music, under the direction of Mr. Thos. Dilks, as leader, will perform the most approved Overtures, Marches, Airs, &c. &c.

Fire Works every pleasant evening at 9 o'clock.

Admittance one shilling, for which refreshment will be furnished. j22

TO FAMILES AND GROCERS.
PATENT MOULD CANDLES.

THE candles are peculiarly adapted for summer use, and will remain hard in the warmest climate. They are particularly recommended to Families, not only for economy, but cleanliness, as they will burn longer than the Sperm, and do not produce a cup around the wick to retain any of the melted tallow,—which in the sperm and the ordinary tallow candle is so liable to spill when moved. Manufactured and for sale only by W. HULL & SON, No. 189 Front st. may 31. tf

NEW-YORK SPORTING MAGAZINE, and annals of the American and English Turf, commenced March 1823—an imperial octavo, published in numbers monthly, each number embellished with two colored plates, wholly dedicated to sporting subjects and fancy pursuits, embracing all the Turf operations of moment in both England and the United States.—Terms, $10 per annum in advance. All orders addressed to the editor will meet with prompt attention Office No. 9 Mercer street. fi 22f

HAIR CUT.—"A LA DOURO."

JOSEPH BARDOTTE most respectfully returns his sincere thanks to the citizens of New York for the flattering encouragement he has received since his arrival from Europe.

Ever anxious to introduce improvements which have been adopted in his profession, he takes this method to announce one, the most recently received from London.

The "Marquis Douro" (son of the Duke of Wellington,) having gone to a celebrated hair cutter in London, suggested an alteration in the manner of cutting hair, of such a decided advantage over the old mode, that it has been universally adopted by the fashionable world, and dubbed the "la Douro."

J. B. having engaged a superior workman from the above London establishment, has been enabled through him, to introduce this beautiful mode, and respectfully invites the fashionable to call and give it a trial at his rooms, 146 Broadway, up stairs, corner of Liberty-street, next door to Webb's Congress Hall.

N. B. The "La Douro" Metallic Wigs" made to order.

☞ Hair Dressers who wish to adopt the "La Douro" fashion will be taught in two lessons, at five dollars per lesson.

WANTED, a Journeyman Hair Dresser. Apply as above. j22 6t

DR. DE GOURGUE'S PATENT SPECIFIC.

This medicine has been used with great success as thousands can testify. In all rheumatic affections whether acute or chronic, its decided superiority by affording almost immediate relief has been successfully tested. For the following complaints it will be found very efficacious, viz: Quinced sore throat, Hives in children, Pain in the back and Sciatica, Bruises and Sprains, Chapped hands, violent contusions, Fresh wounds, Burns and Scalds, Head and Tooth ache, Debility of the system. Prevents the eye from turning black if immediately applied; is excellent for washing the teeth and gums, &c. &c. The specific has been administered with surprising success, in cases of flatulency, pain in the stomach, bowels, dysentery, &c

The most inveterate Piles has been thoroughly cured by it. A Fistula, which in most cases proves fatal, yiel

UNITED STATES TRAVELLING & BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

CARDS'

A. L. DE ROSE,
PORTRAIT PAINTER,
95 Liberty street. a12 1y

CHARLES ADAMS—Late assistant of Mrs. Floyd—has opened an Eating House at No. 5 William street, near Hanover square.
Meats, Pastry, Coffee, Tea, Boiled Rice, Lamb, &c. at all hours. june 28

GEO. M. K. UNDERHILL, Pocket Book Manufacturer, No. 50 Fulton street, New York.

LEONARD DEVOE, Boot and Shoemaker, 104 Laurens street.

THOMAS GREEN, Draper and Tailor, corner of Prince street and Broadway, New York.

WILLIAM HACKETT, Boot and Shoe Maker, No. 48 Nassau street.

FRANCIS AGER, BROWN JUG TAVERN, an old established English House, 538 Pearl, near Elm street, New York.

LECOUNT & HAMMOND, Map, Chart, and Topographical Engravers, No. 4 Wall street.

T. R. WHITNEY, Engraver, Copper Plate Printer, and Printer in Gold, No. 11 Madison street

JOHN DARLEY, Draper and Tailor, corner of Liberty and William streets.

J. BARDOTTE'S Gentlemen's Dressing Rooms, 146 Broadway.

MEEKER & CLARK, Cabinet, Chair and Sofa Warehouse, 58 Broad street, New York.

WILLIAM N. THOMAS, Looking Glass Manufacturer. No. 126 Canal street.

A. BISTON, fashionable Boot Maker, No. 14 Wall street.

BREWSTER'S Hat Store, 307 Broadway, New York. Hats made to any pattern.

HOOD & REEDER, Drapers and Tailors, 69 Fulton street.

SIMEON HAINES, No. 56 Broad street, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet Furniture.

SHERMAN & DUBOIS, Merchant Tailors and Drapers, 109 Broad street, corner of Pearl, New York.

W. H. CHAPMAN, Stock and Glove Store, No. 1 Maiden Lane. N. B. French and English Fancy Goods.

RUSHTON & ASPINWALL, Druggists, 110 Broadway. Medicine delivered at any hour of the night.

CARDS of address, Invitation and Profession, designed and engraved by Geo. W. Teubner, 410 Pearl street, opposite Vandewater, New York.

DOWNING'S Oyster establishment, No. 5 Broad street. N. B. Sufficient room to accommodate from forty to sixty persons, in separate apartments from the bar.

WILLIAM HUTCHIN'S plain and fancy Dry Goods Store, No 396, Pearl street, between Oak and Madison streets, New York.

J. CAMPBELL, Looking Glass and Picture Frame and Gilder, No. 164 Fulton street, New York. N. B. Old frames repaired.

J. L. CLARK'S Old Established and Truly Lucky Office, 168 Broadway, New York. Bank notes examined and all Lottery information given gratis. Please call at Clark's.

STINEMETS & BOLEN, Drapers and Tailors, corner of Broad and Wall streets, New York.
N. B. Naval and Military uniforms executed in a superior style.

PARSELLS, Manufacturer of very superior Stocks of Silk, Satin, Bombazine, Velvet, &c. &c. 264 Broadway. Parsells would particularly recommend his beautiful article, the Cravat Stock

A. R. WHEELER'S ROOM FOR WRITING AND BOOK-KEEPING, at No. 251 Broad way dec8

HOWELL & CO, 40 Canal-street, near Broadway, New-York, Manufacturer of Paste and Liquid Blacking, of a superior quality, warranted not to injure the Leather, which they offer upon the most liberal terms.
☞ H. R. & Co., pledge themselves to give the utmost satisfaction, and should the article not prove as good as is warranted, the purchaser is at liberty to return and receive the cash for the same.
Also,—Black and Red Ink of the first quality, and furnished by the wholesale. j8

P. O'BRIEN, Tailor, Draper and Clothier, No 153 Centre street. m18.

LOOKING GLASS AND PICTURE FRAME MANUFACTORY, No. 44 Chatham street, New York.—DEL VECCHIO respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues manufacturing Looking Glasses and Picture Frames wholesale, retail, and for exportation, and he warrants the articles that he manufactures of a superior quality. His terms will be found liberal.
N. B. Old Looking Glasses newly silvered and old frames regilt. Mch 2

JUST Published, by WAITT & DOW, the GRAMMATICAL INSTRUCTOR; containing an exposition of all the essential Rules of English Grammar, with their variations carefully arranged under their respective Parts of Speech—the whole interspersed with a variety of familiar and entertaining illustrations, w ll adapted to impart a thorough and critical knowledge of the science. By Samuel B. Emmons.
"A Knowledge of grammer is the foundation of ou literature. Without this knowledge, opportunities of writing and speaking are only occasions for mental display their unfitness to write and to speak." o r
sale at the book stores in New York. dec. 18

HYMN BOOKS, &c.—Rippon's selections, Watts and Rippon's Winchell's Watts, with the Supplement and Hymns of Zion. Also, Bibles and Testaments of all sizes and bindings, constantly for sale by BARTLETT & RANOR,
j8 tf 76 Bowery.

TRUSS COMMUNICATION.—The attention of those afflicted with Hernia is called to a new Truss lately patented in this city, and sold at No. 2 Ann street. Its superiority over every other instrument will be evident on a mere inspection, for unlike every other truss with which I am acquainted, the rupture-pad is pressed upon by a double spring, which is so fixed as to convey the necessary pressure to the lower part of the rupture-pad, thus keeping the pad closely applied in every attitude of body, and adjusting and adapting itself under all circumstances to the person and to the part to which it is to be applied. Possessing a double spring and consequently a double degree of elasticity, it is rendered easy and convenient to the wearer. ☞

GOLD AND SILVER LEAF.—For sale at the manufactory No. 67 Waitt st. New York; also gold, silver, and German bronzes, warranted superior quality, at the lowest prices.
N. B. Dentist's gold, silver and platina, and tin foil of superior quality, will be forwarded by the single sheet or ounce, at the shortest notice and lowest price free of charge, by GEORGE S. WAITE,
j19 67 Watt st. New York.

JOHN B. PERO, Hair Cutting Rooms, No. 2 & 3 in rear Dock Square, near City Tavern, Boston. Perfumery and Fancy Goods, wholesale and retail.

COAL.—SCHUYLKILL, LEHIGH & LACKAWANNA COAL, of the first quality, for sale in lots to suit purchasers, by
JACOB SOUTHART,

RICHARD AUGUSTUS, 46 William street, has discovered a composition that completely prevents the cracking of leather—and is willing to warrant well made Boots (receiving his preparation daily) to wear over six months before the upper leather breaks. The gloss it gives is very superior, and entirely supersedes the necessity of blacking.
Richard Augustus, would be much pleased to explain more particularly to any gentlemen who will do him the favor to call and try the advantages of this discovery

FOREIGN and American Snuff Store.—Fine Havana Cigars, Cavendish Tobacco, Cigar Cases, Segar Tubes, Snuff Boxes, Foreign Pipes, Smoking Tobacco, &c. &c. always on sale at Mrs. GREENCOMBE'S, 297 1-2 Broadway, between Reed and Duane streets.

PATENT SPIRIT LIGHT.—G. MICHELL, Inventor and Manufacturer of the new discovered SPIRIT LAMPS, 194 Division street, N. York, which for brilliancy and economy, far surpasses any other light offered to the public. They burn five hours for two cents, without any attention. The great encouragement they have received, is the best recommendation. dec6 6m

CANCER.—I, the subscriber, do hereby certify tha my revered mother, Mrs Hannah Welch, aged 87, and residing in the town of Jackson, in the county of Washington, was grievously afflicted with a cancer. In January last, she employed an eminent physician, and he pronounced it to be a rose cancer. He applied two plasters a day for several months, which were attended with excruciating pain, and produced no good effect. In the month of May last, I called to see my mother, and found her in a dangerous situation, and knowing that Dr. P. Davison, of Albany, who resides at No. 670 S. Market st. was skilled in cancerous complaints, I advised her to come to Albany and place herself under Dr. Davison's care; and she came to my house. He applied one of his plasters for about 8 or 10 days which removed the rose cancer, and in three weeks the cure was completed. My mother stated that she suffered more pain with one plaster of her first doctor than she did through all the attendance of Dr. Davison, who effected the cure in so short a time. I further state, that Jirah Baker, Esq. of Hoosick, was cured of a rose cancer at my house in 1821, and still remains well. This I publish at my own expense, in this paper, for the benefit of mankind; and hoping that editors will, from the same motive, notice it in their papers. Albany, September 1, 1830.
m11 GEORGE W. WELCH.

Popular Houses.

ADELPHI HOTEL,
38 STATE STREET, ALBANY, BY
J. CROSS.
Opposite the Rail Road Stage office, and near the Steam Boat Landing. m11

WEBB'S CONGRESS HALL.
142 BROADWAY, N. Y.

☞ The undersigned having opened the above named splendid Hotel in the most central part of the city, begs to assure his friends and the public, that they will always find elegance and comfort combined under his roof, with prompt attention and the utmost accommodation. In returning his thanks to the public for past favors, he can with confidence appeal to their experience of his capability in the Catskill Mountain House, for a continuance of their present extensive patronage. C. H. WEBB,
j22 Congress Hall, 142 Broadway.

NIBLO'S HOTEL,
No. 112 BROADWAY, BETWEEN PINE AND CEDAR streets, New York.

THE subscriber returns his grateful acknowledgments to his friends and the public for the liberal support afforded him since his establishment in this city. Having found, however, that the name of his Hotel, which he originally adopted, (Congress Hall,) subjects him to many inconveniences in consequence of the proprietor of a public establishment in his immediate vicinity having assumed the same title, and being unwilling by a continuance of the present name of his house, to embarrass his neighbor as well as himself, he has resolved on changing the same to that of NIBLO'S HOTEL, hoping under this new title to merit a continuance of public patronage. No situation in this city can present more advantages to permanent and transient guests than Niblo's Hotel. Its central location, being near the principal places of amusement and its vicinity to the public offices and business part of the town, renders it a most desirable resort for families and gentlemen engaged in commercial and other pursuits.
The experience which the subscriber has acquired as proprietor, for many years, of that extensive establishment the EXCHANGE HOTEL, in Petersburg, Virginia and subsequent as an associate with Mr. Heiskill of the City Hotel, Philadelphia, will, he trusts, prove a sufficient guarantee to all who may honor him with their patronage, that nothing shall be wanting on his part, or by those in his employ, to contribute in every respect to their accommodation and comfort. dec 22

CLINTON LUNCH,
Corner of Liberty street and Broadway.

THE proprietors of this establishment, which has been opened since May last, in consequence of the unparalleled support they have received, are induced to come before the public with their best thanks for the liberal patronage bestowed on them, and to assure them that instead of relaxing in their exertions to please, (which is too much the case with many who undertake to conduct similar establishments,) they are stimulated to increased exertions, if possible, and determined to preserve in the same straight forward path in which they have commenced, hoping thereby to deserve a continuance of that support they have hitherto so liberally been favored with. The undersigned being averse to all kinds of common-place puffing, have been determined that this establishment should rise or fall by its own merits or demerits; and as they have now been six months fairly before the public, and that public having continued daily to increase its patronage, they are justified in presuming that the course they have pursued in conducting this establishment has been generally approved, and as a proof of their determination to spare no pains or expense in improving and enlarging the same from time to time, as circumstances may require, for the public accommodation, they have now to announce that they have, at a very considerable expense, fitted up and handsomely furnished an extra Dining Room on the first floor, which was opened to the public on the 8th instant, the entrance to which is from No. 73 Liberty street. The proprietors will now be enabled to get up Dinners and Suppers for private parties, of all the delicacies of the season, in a style equal to any establishment in the city, at the shortest notice. Their Wines and Liquors will as usual continue to be chosen from the oldest and most choice stocks in the city, and the personal exertions of the proprietors will be continued, and their best efforts exercised to please and to deserve public patronage. The Ordinary, as usual, will be conducted on the most liberal principles. Hot Coffee and Tea at all hours from 7 in the morning till 12 at night. Oysters of the best quality, in all their varieties, and Soups of every description at all times.
GOOLD & ATKINS.
nov 10

TAMMANY HALL,
Opposite the City Hall, New York.

THIS Establishment has been fitted up in as good a style as any House of its class in the vicinity, and is furnished throughout in a good style, for the accommodation of the public on the following plan.
Gentlemen can take their lodgings by the single night or by the week, as they please without any reference to Board, if he wishes refreshments he can have them at any time he pleases and what he pleases to select from the Bill of Fare, which will hang in the refectory or Bar Room with the prices of every article attached thereto. In the Basement Story is the Refectory, where Refreshments of most every kind may be had on the most reasonable terms, and in handsome style at a minutes notice, from 8in the morning until 12 o'clock at night. On the 2d Floor is the Bar and Reading Room.
The Lodgings are cool and comfortable being in the most healthy and pleasant part of the city, overlooking the Park and fronting on the City Hall. Clubs, Dining and Supper parties can be accommodated on the most reasonable terms. The Bar is stocked with the choicest of Liquors and Wines, and the Larder furnished with the best the market affords, and no pains or expense will be spared by the proprietors to make this establishment a comfortable retreat for all those who will honor them with their patronage. *Price of lodgings*, Per week. $2,00, 3 nights, $1,00, single night 37 1-2 cents. mar 1 tf

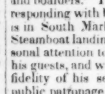
CONGRESS HALL,
PARK PLACE, Albany,—By W. LANDON,
(Formerly Cruttenden's.)

N. B. A Porter with a waggon, will be in regula attendance to carry baggage to and from the boat *free of expense.* june 1y

COLUMBIAN & NATIONAL HOTEL,

THE NATIONAL HOTEL, occupied by B. Jesup, and the COLUMBIAN HOTEL, lately occupied by Philander Fobes, with credit to himself and great satisfaction to the public, have been connected for the purpose of furnishing more extensive accommodations and conveniences to travellers and boarders. The buildings have been put in excellent repair, and the Parlors, Sitting Rooms and Chambers so arranged as to furnish the greatest comfort and convenience to private families, travellers and boarders. The furniture is new, and in style corresponding with hotels of the first class. The location is in South Market street, opposite the North River Steamboat landing. The subscriber will give his personal attention to the accommodation and comfort of his guests, and will be responsible for the urbanity and fidelity of his servants. He will claim no more of public patronage than his assiduity in business and the conveniences of his establishment justly entitle him to. A porter, with a waggon, will be in attendance to convey baggage to and from the steamboats, free of charge. B. JESUP.
Albany, june 25.

SOUTHERN AND WESTERN
STAGE OFFICE.—LOWELL, Mass.



LOWELL, WORCESTER, HARTFORD & N. YORK Daily Line of Stages, leave Lowell Daily (Sundays excepted) at 7 A. M. and arrives in Worcester at 4 P.M. and in New York the 3d day.—Returning, leave Worcester, at 7 A. M. daily, and arrives in Lowell, at 4 P. M. (Sundays excepted.)
LOWELL, BRATTLEBORO' AND ALBANY Daily Mail Stages, leaves Lowell daily (Sundays excepted) at 7 A. M. Through to Albany in two days. Fare six dollars. Returning, leaves Baker & Walbridge's stage office, Albany, daily, Sundays excepted, and arrive in Lowell, the 2d day 4 P. M. with the exception of Saturdays. Passengers that leave Lowell or Albany on Saturdays will not arrive until Mondays, at Lowell and Albany. This Line intersects at Lowell all the eastern stages, daily, for Haverhill, Newburyport, Dover, Saco, Portland and Augusta.
LOWELL, KEENE, SARATOGA SPRINGS, AND ALBANY Stages leave Lowell daily, at 7 A. M. and arrive at Saratoga Springs and Albany the 3d day—through by daylight. Returning, leave Saratoga Springs daily, and arrive at Lowell the 3d day at 4 P. M.—Passing through Manchester, Chester, Vt. Walpole, Keene, N. H. and Groton, to Lowell.
Passengers wishing to pay the fare at Lowell, can have tickets through to any place mentioned in the above advertisements, on application to the subscriber. Books kept in Lowell at the American House, Washington Hotel, and Mansion House.
THOMAS A. STAPLES, Agent.
march9 *Lowell.*

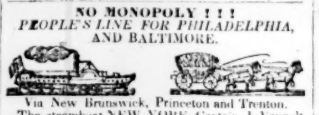
CIRCULAR CIRCULARUM PROBONO PUBLICO, No. 208 Bowery.—E. S. LOWERRIE is located at No. 208 Bowery, and has for sale an unique infinatum ad valorem variety of Fancy Hardware and Haberdashery, consisting of all things useful, komikal or ornamental, at wholesale or retail, and cheap for cash, credit or barter. Feb 16.

WILLIAM HANCOCK,

UPHOLSTER, Importer and Manufacturer of the various kinds of Upholstery goods, Nos. 37 to 43 Cornhill, Boston, Mass. At this establishment one of the largest in the U. States, may be found at all times a very extensive assortment of Cabinet Furniture, and more especially a great variety of Boston Rocking Chairs, an article celebrated in the middle and Southern cities for its ease and elegance, comfort and convenience, together with *every* article for interior decoration. W. H. has made such arrangements as will enable him ☞ attend personally to every command, an guarantees that orders from all parts of the county entrusted to his care, either for interior decorations or the more solid branches of the business, shall be *faithfully* and *promptly* executed. mar 1 tf

Stages and Steamboats.

NO MONOPOLY ! ! !
PEOPLE'S LINE FOR PHILADELPHIA, AND BALTIMORE.

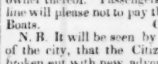


Via New Brunswick, Princeton and Trenton.
The steamboat NEW YORK, Captain J. Vanpelt, leaves Pier No. 2, North River, foot of Morris st. near the battery, daily (Sundays excepted,) at 6 o'clock in the morning, for N. Brunswick, where passengers will take Reeside's splendid Troy-built coaches and proceed through Princeton to Trenton, from thence take the steamboat PHILADELPHIA, Capt L. Davis, and arrive at Philadelphia early the same afternoon.
FARE REDUCED TO ☞2 50
" To Perth Amboy and N. Brunswick, 12 1-2
" " Princeton, 1 00
" " Trenton 1 50
Breakfast on board 37 1 2
The Baltimore People's Line Boat leaves Philadelphia daily at 6 o'clock A. M., from the same wharf which this Line lands at. Fare $2.
For Seats apply to THOMAS WHITFIELD, old No. 1 Courtlandt street, and at the People's Line Office 31 Washington street, opposite the wharf, or on board the boat.
All Specie, Goods, Baggage, &c. at the risk of the owners thereof.
WM. B. JAQUES, Agent, for
july 20 J. REESIDE & CO. Proprietors.

BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE.
TREMONT MAIL STAGES.

Leaves Boston every morning at 5, and Providence at 6 o'clock.
Also, Steam Boat Mail leaves Providence every day, on the arrival of the boats, and arrives in Boston from one to three hours in advance of the principal part of the Stages of the Citizens line.
For Seats or Extra Coaches, in Boston, apply at City Tavern, Brattle-street and Washington Coffee House, 158 Washington street. In Providence, at Tremont Stage Office, corner of Market square and South Main street, and to the Agent on board of the Boats on their arrival. All Baggage and Freight is at the risk of the owner thereof. Passengers wishing to travel by this line will please not to pay their stage fare on board the Boats. C. B. WILDER, Agent.
N. B. It will be seen by reference to several papers of the city, that the Citizens Stage Company have broken out with new advertisements, purporting to be that they were running the only Stages from this City to Providence, to connect with the Boats; *evidently designed* to give the *impression in full*, that the Tremont Mail Stage Company had been beaten off the route—which had reinstated them in the full possession of the whole Line, and given them another opportunity to monopolise and impose upon passengers, as has been their custom at ALL times, when a good wholesome opposition has not kept them within proper bounds.
As they have practised such a course of deception upon us so long, we pay no regard to such foul tongued imposition, other than to say that we have made very large additions to our former stock, which enables us to run more regular, with much better Stock and Coaches, and in less time, from the Boats, on an average, than any other line on the route. m11

WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.
FOR BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE, VIA NEW LONDON.



The steamboat GENERAL JACKSON, Capt. D. Havens, will leave the East River steamboat place foot of Beekman street, on Friday afternoon, at 4 o'clock.
Stages will be in readiness on the arrival of the boat at New London, to convey passengers by the way of Norwich to Providence and Boston. Her regular days of leaving will be from New York on Tuesdays and Fridays; from New London on Mondays and Thursdays. Freight taken at fair prices. For further information inquire of
J. SAXTON & CO. 114 South street.
JACOB CORLIES & SONS, 283 Pearl st.
Jan 19

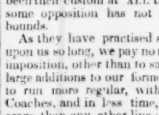
WESTERN LINE OF STAGES,
New Arrangement.—Daily, Sundays excepted.

THIS Line of Stages will leave Joseph I. Roy's Steam Boat Hotel, Jersey City, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings, at 3 o'clock, by way of *Newark, Chatham, Morriston, Sucksonny Plains, Stanhope, Newton, Augusta*, for *Milford*. On Tuesday, Thursdays and Saturdays, by way of *Paterson, Pompon, Newfoundland, Hamburgh, Deckertown to Milford*. Where the two Lines connect, and run six times a week, through *Canaan, Carbondale, Dundaff, Montrose*, to *Owego*, and thence through *Ithaca* to *Geneva*, daily.
Intersecting Lines.—At Newton, this Line intersects a Line of Stages, running from Newburgh, through Easton, to Philadelphia. At Milford, in intersects a Line running three times a week, to Easton, Penn. At Montrose it intersects a daily Line from Chenango Point to Philadelphia, by way of Wilkesbarre, Bethlehem, &c. Also, a Line running to Baltimore, through Wilkesbarre, Berwick, Northumberland, Harrisburgh, &c. A Line leaves Montrose, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday for Bradford county, Towanda, &c. At Oswego, it intersects a Line to Toga Point, Newton, Bath, Olian Point, &c. From Carbondale, a Line leaves daily, for Blakely, Providence, Pittston, Wilkesbarre, Newport, Berwick, Danville, Northumberland, &c. For seats, apply at 71 Courtlandt street, or to James Kenney, No. 56 Pearl street, New York, or to Joseph I Roy, Jersey City.
JOSEPH I. ROY,
SEARL & HORTON,
STOCKTON, STOKES & AVERY,
mar 8 ly *Proprietors.*

LINE OF OMNIBUSES
From Twelfth street to Wall street.

ROSWELL BEACH, has purchased this Line throughout, and having added, as an Extra, the beautiful little carriage "Tom Thumb," has determined to start, alternately every fifteen minutes, the following splendid Stages, viz. the Benjamin Franklin, Paragon, Veteran, Albion, and Tom Thumb, which are not surpassed for convenience or beauty by any in the city. The horses have been procured at great expense, and are kept in the best condition for "the track." The Line being now in first rate order, the Proprietor hopes, by the regularity of starting, the excellence of his Horses, and the civility of his Drivers, to deserve the patronage of those whose convenience will be facilitated by the above arrangement, and of the citizens of New York generally.
N. B. Some dissatisfaction having been expressed by the holders of tickets, which were purchased from the former owner of this line, the present Proprietor will take leave to state, that when he purchased this line of coaches, he did not obligate himself to redeem any Tickets which might have been sold by the former Proprietor, previous to his purchase, and furthermore, that he has received as cash, Tickets unredeemed and of course a dead loss. He trists therefore it will not be considered illiberal in him, that he declines redeeming Tickets for which he has not received one cent, and which he never obligated himself to redeem, and which if he should redeem, would involve him in an expense greater than the undertaking under any circumstances would warrant.
New York, January 26, 1833. Jan 26

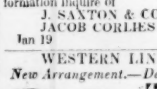
NEW LINE OF MAIL COACHES.



From Lowell, Mass. to Springfield, Mass. to run in Line with the Springfield, Hartford & N. Haven steamboats for New York, and will leave Lowell Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 3 o'clock A. M. passing through Tyngsford, Dunstable, Pepperell, Lunenburg, Fitchburg, Westminster, Templeton, Petersham, Dana, Greenwich, Enfield, Belcherton, Granby, Chickopee Village, and arrives at Springfield same days, at 8 o'clock P. M. and in New York on the morning of the 3d day.

RETURNING,
Leaves Springfield, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 3 o'clock A. M. passing through the above mentioned towns, and arrives in Lowell, at 8 o'clock same day.
Fare from Lowell to Springfield, $4 50.
March2 *N. B. MOSELY, Agent*

NEW YORK AND BOSTON STEAMBOAT COMPANY.
FOR NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE.



The splendid steam boat BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Capt. E. S. Bunker, and the PRESIDENT, Capt. Robert S. Bunker, will leave New York and Providence every Monday, Wednesday and Friday—will leave New York at 5 o'clock, P. M. and Providence at 12 o'clock, M.
For further information, apply at the Office, No. 14 Broad street, or to the Captain on board, at the foot of Courtlandt street. mch 23

MIDDLE ROAD TO HARTFORD.
WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.
To intersect the *New* Haven Steam-boats.

STAGES will leave Wilder's General Stage Office, 11 Elm street, Boston, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 7 o'clock, A. M. lodge in Ashford, and arrive at Hartford next day at 10 o'clock, A. M. and in New Haven at 6 o'clock same evening, where passengers can take elegant steam-boats or stages at 7 o'clock the following morning for New York. Returning, stages leave Hartford Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 2 o'clock, P. M. lodge in Ashford, and arrive in Boston at 6 o'clock, P. M.; passing through Brighton, Newton, Natick, Sherburne, Holliston, Milford Mendon, Uxbridge, Thompson, Pomfret, Ashford, Coventry, East Hartford to Hartford. Fare from Boston to Hartford, $3—from Hartford to New York, $4 50.
dec 29 J. BROOKS Agent.

ISAAC D. NEAL, Apothecary and Druggist, No. 2 Franklin square, New York. Particular attention paid to Physicians prescriptions and Family Medicines. Medicine Chests for sea voyages, Plantations, &c.

Stages and Steamboats.

FOR NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE.
From the foot of Fulton street, N. R.
ARRANGEMENT FOR MARCH, 1833.

The new and splendid low pressure Steam Boats BOSTON, Capt. William Comstock, and PROVIDENCE. Capt. Seth Thayer, will leave New York and Providence on the following days —
The BOSTON will leave New York at 4 o'clock P. M and Providence at 12 o'clock, M.

FROM NEW YORK.		*FROM PROVIDENCE.*	
On Saturday, March	2	On Tuesday, March	5
Thursday "	7	Saturday "	9
Tuesday "	12	Thursday "	14
Saturday "	16	Tuesday "	19
Thursday "	21	Saturda "	23
Tuesday "	26	Thursday "	28
Saturday "	30		

The PROVIDENCE will leave New York at 4 P. M. and Providence at 12 o'clock, M.

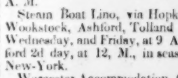
FROM NEW YORK		*FROM PROVIDENCE.*	
On Saturday March	9	On Thursday March	7
Thursday "	14	Tuesday "	12
Tuesday "	19	Saturday "	16
Saturday "	23	Thursday "	21
Thursday "	28	Tuesday "	26
		Saturday "	30

The splendid boats have each two heavy copper boilers and are propelled by low pressure engines. For further particulars, apply to the masters on board, or RICHARD S. WILLIAMS & CO. corner of Fulton and South streets. March 9

STAGE OFFICE.
Earl's, No. 36, Hanover Street, Boston.

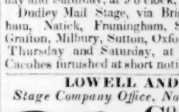
NEW-YORK Commercial Mail, via Worcester Hartford and New Haven. Leaves Boston every day, at 10 P. M.
Mail Pilot for New-York every day at 1 P. M lodge at Worcester, 2d day, Hartford and New Haven.
Albany Mail Stage via Worcester, Northampton, Pittsfield and Lebanon Springs, every day, Sundays excepted, at 2, A. M.
Albany Mail Stage, via Springfield, Stockbridge and Lebanon Springs, every day, Sundays excepted, at 2 A. M.
Steam Boat Line, via Hopkinton, Sutton, Dudley, Wookstock, Ashford, Tolland to Hartford, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 9 A. M. Arrives in Hartford 2d day, at 12, M., in season for Steam Boats to New-York.
Worcester Accommodation, Old Road, through Watertown, Waltham, Weston, E Sudbury, Marlboro', Northboro', and Shrewsbury, to Worcester, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 10, A. M.
Worcester Accommodation via Watertown, Waltham, Weston, E. Sudbury, Saxonville, Framingham, Southboro', Westboro', to Worcester, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 9 o'clock, A. M.
Dudley Mail Stage, via Brighton, Newton, Needham, Natick, Framingham, Southboro,' Westboro,' Grafton, Milbury, Sutton, Oxford to Dudley, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 7 o'clock A. M. Extr Coaches furnished at short notice. apr 12 1y

LOWELL AND BOSFON
Stage Company Office, No. 9 Elm St, Boston.



COACHES leave Boston for Lowell, every day, (Sundays excepted,) at seven o'clock in the morning, and two and three o'clock in the afternoon. Leaves Lowell for Boston at 7 and 8 A. M. and 1 and 3 P. M. Extra coaches furnished at any time in the day.
apr 12 1y JAMES NEWELL, *Agen*

PHŒNIX LINE.
Albany, Troy, Greenfield, Boston, Worcster and Providence Stages.

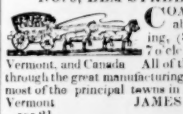


LEAVE Chapin's Montgomery Hill, South Market st. Albany, and Babcock's, City Hotel, Troy, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 2 A. M., passing thro' Hancock, Williamstown, Adams, Charlemont to Greenfield—leaving Greenfield the next morning at 3 A. M. for Boston, passing through Athol, Westminster, Lancaster, Cambridgeport to Boston. The Worcester and Providence stages leave from the same office same days at the same time—returning, leaves Brigham's, Merchant's Hotel, Elm st. Boston, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 8 o'clock, A. M., and arrives in Greenfield at 6 P. M., Troy and Albany second day at 5 P M.
J. S. KEELER, Troy,
GEO. JONES, Boston.
june 20. J. B. & O. RICHARDSON, Albany.

ALBANY AND BOSTON
Mail Stages, through Bolton, Lancaster Barre, Greenfield, Cheshire, Troy, and Albany. Through in two days. Fare reduced to $6.

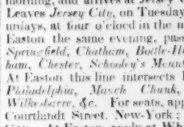
LEAVES Albany, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 1 o'clock A. M. (seats taken at E. Chapin's, Montgomery Hall, No. 486 South Market Street, and at Gould & Rendle's, City Coffee House, 478 North Market Street,) and leave Troy at 2 o'clock, A. M. (seats taken at Huddleston's Rensselaer House, and at Thurston's Mechanic Hall,) and arrives at Greenfield, at 6 o'clock P. M. the same days. Leaves Greenfield, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 2 A. M. for Troy Albany and Boston, and arrives at Troy at 5, P. M., Albany at 6 P. M. and Boston at 7 P. M. same days. This Line leaves Wilde's Hotel, Elm Street, Boston, Tuesdays, Thusdays, and Saturdays, at 2 o'clock A. M. and arrives at Greenfield at 6 o'clock P. M. This Line intersects the Worcester and Providence and Hartford Stages at Amherst. mar 1 1y

LOWELL & BOSTON.
NO. 9, ELM STREET, BOSTON.



COACHES leave the above Office every morning, (Sundays excepted,) a 7 o'clock, for Hampshire Vermont, and Canada All of the above coaches pass through the great manufacturing towns of Lowell, and most of the principal towns in New Hampshire, and Vermont JAMES NEWELL, *Agent.*
apr 21. 1y

NEW-YORK AND EASTON
Mail Coach.—Winter Arrangement.



THIS line leaves White's Hotel, Easton, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at four o'clock in the morning, and arrives at Jersey City the same evening. Leaves *Jersey City*, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at four o'clock in the morning, and arrives at Easton the same evening, passing through *Newark, Springfield, Chatham, Bottle-Hill, Morristown, Mendham, Chester, Schooley's Mountain, Washington, &c.* At Easton this line intersects lines running daily to *Philadelphia, Mauch Chunk, Pottsville, Reading, Wilkesbarre, &c.* For seats, apply to John Patten, 73, Courtlandt Street, New-York; or J. I. Roy, Jersey City. At Easton, apply at White's Hotel. All baggage at the risk of the owners
mar 8 tf J. I. ROY & CO.

MERCHANTS' LINE.

TRANSPORTATION ON THE ERIE
Canal for Freight and Passengers.

THE Proprietors of this Line will continue to run a Daily Line of Boats between Albany and Buffalo, as heretofore. Apply to R. Hunter, No. 7 Counties slip, corner of Water-st. New York, Platt Williams, Co. Albany; Williams, Chapin, & Co. Rochester; Barker & Holt, Buffalo; P. S. V. Hamot, Erie, Pa; W. Whitman & Son, Ashtabula, O.; Kelley & Walworth, Cleveland, O.; J. W. Hollister & Co, Sandusky City O.; Gwynne & Baldwin, Columbus, O.; C. W. Gazzam & Co. Cincinnati; O. Newberry, Detroit, M. T. PLATT WILLIAMS & CO.
Albany, june 20. 1y *Proprietors*

GENERAL STAGE OFFICE.
WILDE'S, No. 11 ELM STREET, BOSTON, FITCHBURG, FITZWILLIAM, and Brattleboro' Mail Stage.

THE public are respectfully informed, that the Mail Stages on the above route will in future, leave the General Stage Office, Wilde's, No. 11, Elm Street, Boston, every Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrive in Brattleboro' at 9 P. M. where it intersects all the western, southern and northern stages. Returning, leaves Brattleboro' every Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 3 o'clock, A. M. and arrives in Boston at 6, P. M.
CITIZEN'S LINE OF MAIL COACHES
From Boston, through Fitchburg to Keene.
Leaves the General Stage Office, Wildes', No. 11, Elm Street, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrives in Keene, N. H. at 6 P. M., where it connects with all the northern Stages. Returning leaves Col. Harrington's Eagle Hotel, Keene, N. H. every Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 6 A. M. and arrives in Boston at 6 P. M. Passengers wishing to take seats in this line, will be particular to apply in Boston, at the General Stage Office, No. 11 Elm Street,—in Keene, at the Eagle Hotel.
BOSTON FITCHBURG, KEENE and Burlington Mail Stage.
Leaves Col. Harrington's Eagle Hotel, Keene, N. H. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 4 o'clock A. M and arrives in Boston at 7 P. M. Returning, leaves the General Stage Office, Wildes', No 11 Elm Street, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 5 o'clock, A. M and arrives at Keene, N. H. at 7 P. M. where it connects with all the northern Stages. Passengers wishing to take seats in this line, will be particular to apply in Boston, at the General Stage Office, No. 11 Elm Street—in Keene, at the Eagle Hotel.
E. ESTABROOK, Agent at Keene.
C. FIELDS, Agent at Boston.
mar 1

SETH B. SPALDING, Draper and Tailor, No. 9 John street.

New Inventions.

RODGER'S PATENT
Newly invented and Highly Improved Balance FIRE ENGINE.

JOHN F. ROGERS & CO., are manufacturing, at Waterford, Saratoga county, N. Y., on an extensive scale, *Rogers' Patent Balance Fire Engine*, and the Company do not hesitate to recommend it to the public as decidedly superior to any Fire Engine now known. It has been tested by skillful Engineers at the United States' Arsenals at Gibbonsville and Washington, and pronounced by them to be superior to all others. The Government Arsenal at Washington is now supplied with one of the said Engines, and the Proprietor has on hand a contract with the Government for the supply of all their principal Arsenals.—This Engine combines the advantage of more power at less cost than any other in use, and needs only to be examined and tried to ensure it a preference to all others. Engines will be made promptly to order, of such dimensions and power as shall be required. And at reasonable prices. june 20.

AN ELEGANT ARTICLE.

ECONOMY and Luxury combined in *JOHNSON'S PATENT SOFA BEDSTEAD !*—The Subscriber takes this method to return his grateful acknowledgments for the very liberal patronage extended to him the last season, and again begs leave to call the attention of the public to his Patent Sofa and Settee Bedstead. This article is essentially different from any previous attempt to combine the Bedstead with the Sofa or Settee. It is constructed on principles peculiar to itself: with the size, strength, and convenience of the ordinary four post Bedstead it possess s the symmetry, beauty, and finish, of the ornamental Parlour Settee or Sofa.